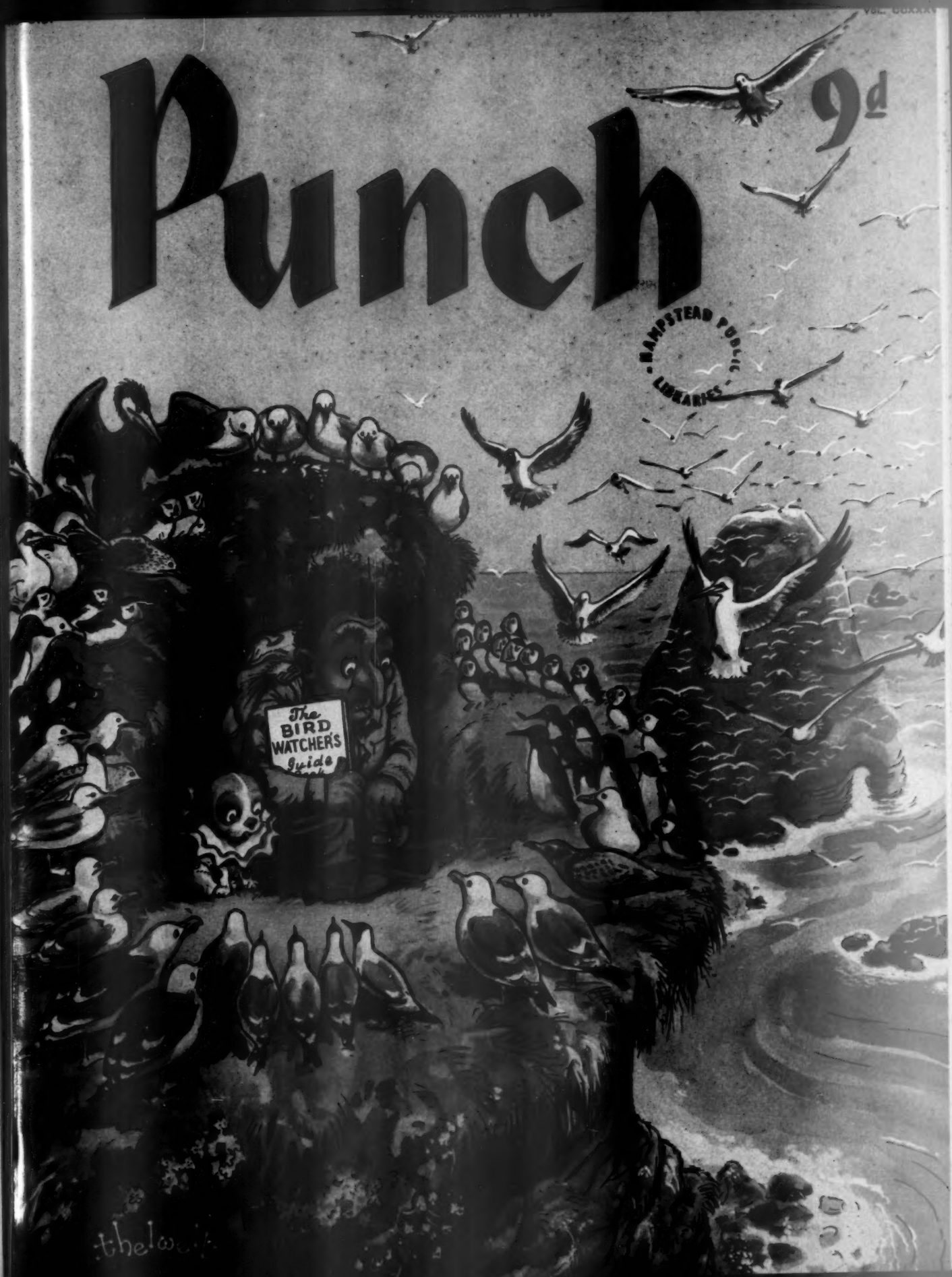
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The London Charivari

THE news of Mr. Macmillan's vote in a Soviet election raises the whole question of participation in the life of a country by touring politicians. When princes visit us from Arabia ought we to put them on a jury? When the Secretary of State next flies in should the Government Hospitality Fund arrange for him to serve for the duration of his visit on the L.C.C., of course being liberally paired? Englishmen's rights and duties include serving as High Sheriff, Vicar's Warden and challenger on "What's My Line?" The next time the Chinese or the Yugoslavs come there will be plenty for them to do.

Whistle For It

WHEN police charged a Norbury man with driving under the influence of drink he "made bird noises" at them,

and was afterwards acquitted. Motorists now fear that this may be added to the existing police-surgeon tests.

Well Instructed

JACK GROOM, the real tennis professional at Lord's who died last week, once took in hand a writer who had undertaken to write a piece about real tennis for *Punch* without ever having seen it played. He spent an entire morning explaining the rules and complexities of the game, with some sidelights on its history and observations on its current state, so that all the writer had to do was go home and write down what he had been told. Some months later, writer and pro. met again. Beaming with enthusiasm, Jack Groom wrung his pupil by the hand. "That was the best article on real tennis I ever read," he said.

Biology Mistress to Note

"PEOPLE seem to imagine," says a mink-farming celebrity, "that you buy two minks and before you know where

you are you have two Rolls-Royces." An odd remark. She can't even have been thinking of two Minxes.

Borderline Case

THE Local Government Commission for Wales is fighting shy of revising the border with England, though many on the March think it should be done. Certainly the frontier is as tortuous as it could be, at one point running slap through a house leaving the bathroom and a bedroom or two in Radnorshire and the other half in Hereford. It was much simpler in Offa's day, for this far-sighted eighth-century King of Mercia built his well-known Dyke from the Dee to the Wye along a reasonable, strategic line, the idea being to keep out the marauding Welsh. But though it still marks the rough trend of the border it is by no means the exact

"But how do you explain all this trouble in Africa? Randolph hasn't even been there yet."

modern political boundary, which dips, darts and twists like a trout in one of the many streams it intersects. As dykes go, Offa's has worn well in twelve hundred years, though in the last few decades the tractor has damaged it more than Time, crop-snatching farmers ploughing it level as though they had never heard of an ancient monument.

The Postage Alone . . .

FEELING is strong over the "lost Suez millions" of the Anglo-Egyptian financial agreement, and it doesn't look as if they're ever likely to be found again. Even if they are, there is still the question of all that expense to the Bournemouth East and Christchurch Conservative Association.

Word Game

MR. MACMILLAN certainly wowed them on Russian television, and, with a television election almost on us, it would be interesting to know how much he owed to his interpreter. Perhaps interpreters will catch on here. When the trades union leader starts a plain answer to a plain question with the words "Of course within the framework of the background to the laying-off situation . . ." it would be pleasant to see what an efficient interpreter would make of it, if anything. But it won't happen. Politicians are not idiots, and there are more reasons for their curious jargon than a simple love of the wrong words. Our trades unionist is not such a fool as to commit his six hundred thousand votes to an interpretable policy in public. And remember, when you hear a particularly cloudy phrase, that you may be witnessing one of those rare occasions when a politician feels that he needs time to think.

Best Yet

AFTER Mr. Macmillan's proud recitation of British scientific achievement the *Evening News* item headed "He Invented Children, Court Is Told," looked like a careless omission from the list. But it was just about a man said to have dreamed up an imaginary family for purposes of tax rebate.

It's That Box Again

"CRIME and Banditry, Distress and Perplexity will continue to increase until the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box," warned the four-inch, two-column advertisement last week, sponsored by the Panacea Society, Bedford, which was a revival on a modest scale of the enormous poster campaign on similar lines a few decades ago forecasting all-round doom. Joanna Southcott was a devout Devonshire domestic servant who startled eighteenth-century England with her prophecies, some in rhyme, and came up to London to "seal" her 144,000 elect at a charge varying from 12*s.* to a guinea. At the age of sixty-four she said she would give birth to a second Prince of Peace, but this tip was a loser. Her writings, deposited in a box, were to be opened when the events predicted matured, at the demand of the bishops of the Church of England. Three boxes supposed to be hers were in fact opened, but the cupboard was virtually bare. Perhaps poor Joanna, like the voyager in *The Hunting of the Snark*, "had forty-two boxes all carefully packed," and they haven't got the right one yet.

"I feel I know you all so well. I was at school here as a boy."

A Will to Win

BRADFORD police have been forbidden to accept spare-time employment, and a local funeral-director told a reporter that he would miss them as hearse-drivers, as they were "so gentle on the clutch." A pleasing contrast, this, to the beneficiaries in the car behind.

Look Again

IT is quite a shock to read through what seems to be one of those majestic newspaper advertisements with which great firms make friends for their Way of Life only to find it is a TV contractor's announcement of delights to come. We are so used to associating television with either gazing across a room into a miniature world or else peering down at small print to find when a programme is on that it takes a moment to recognize the nature of these half-pages filled with dramatic shadow and even verse in italics. Of course the B.B.C. does not trumpet decorously in the press. It keeps a man ready to describe next day's high-lights and waits until a programme ends early. He usually wears an expression intended to suggest that he will be enjoying them himself. Personally, I'm waiting for his first jingle.

Public Relations

THE conductor on my bus came bounding up to the top deck, walked the whole length of the bus and back without taking any fares, paused at the head of the stairs. "Just a courtesy visit," he explained. — MR. PU[illegible]CH

SPORTING PRINTS

LESTER PIGGOTT, by Hewison, is on page 367

CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY

4 Sub-Teenagers

By ANGELA MILNE

BETWEEN the ages of six and eleven pretty well everything happens to children. School lessons graduate from Free Activity in the Wendy House to algebra and Latin; haircuts, from the kitchen chair to a proper seat—via a plank across the seat-arms—at a real ladies' or gents' hairdresser. Hair, of course, has already changed from traditional British baby-gold to traditional British mouse.

Measles and Enid Blyton are incurred by this age-group. The piano, the recorder, the football crop up, along with the two-wheeled bicycle. (That is not tautology; the thing children first call "my bike" is a tricycle.) Little teeth are wiggled out—still at sixpence a tooth, one non-rise in the cost of living—and big new ones come through; notably those two Middle Top Front which dominate the face during these years. Oh, yes, and at the end of the time there's a small affair called the Eleven Plus. Where would sub-teenagers be without that? Hardly in the papers at all.

This is the period overlapped by the Primary school. Primary schools vary hugely as buildings, being anything from an urban glass palace to a two-roomed Gothic-windowed snuggery nestling into a Welsh hillside, but at heart they are much the same. On the tables poster-paints and sugar-paper, pastry maps and italic-handwriting books; catkins on the nature shelf; child art and magnificent nature photographs round the walls; the wireless, perhaps the television too, in the corner. These are the symbols of modern education, bright, clean, alive. Put that against your subtopias, this de-uglifying of school surroundings for the modern child.

At this time school and home come together closest. The call is of course chiefly on the mothers, who work so hard at being parents that they often feel confusedly that they're pupils too. It may be the fathers who do the chauffeuring—who even, if they're non-office-going, walk their children to school. Duffel-coated intellectuals expertly yanking off small gloves are a feature of the junior cloakroom. But it's the mothers who cluster round the gates of an afternoon, beard headmistresses, hunt for Wellingtons, admire My Painting Framed and sit up half the night sticking date-tabs in history exercise books. Keen mothers often get assimilated into the staff as nursery helpers, assistant museum escorts, piano accompanists and ballet instructresses; for the quieter ones there is always the B.B.C. schools programme to keep up with, the stern question to answer at tea-time: "Did you listen to 'People, Places and Things'?" "Do you remember 'Travel Talk' last week because I have got to write it down for homework?"

Once she has got over the idea, a relic of her own schooldays, that helping with homework is cheating—and there's no-one like form-mistresses, with their merry cries of "Two slips in the long division sums yesterday, Mrs. Smith!" for getting her over it quick—a mother may well suspect the purity of her motives when she beards the headmistress to suggest that homework is a bit much for a child at the end of a seven-hour day. But there's nothing mixed in with her conviction that every school should give parents a sum handbook, so that at last How We Do It Now is made clear, and What We Do is checked lesson by lesson for those notorious comprehension-gaps.

On the jollier side there is that delightful stage when your seven-year-old child says casually "My favourite subject is English history," and you rush out and comb the bookshops for picture histories and easy-word histories, discuss at breakfast the exact difference between Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, find on the Notes page of your cookery book a *Recipe for Making a King, by Warwick*, and then—wham, the thing's blown over and it's all geography now, just as you were getting outside the feudal system. Ah well, as long as you keep up and branch off when they do.

"Why do we have all those silly poetry books, Daddy?" "Mummy, why would you rather have my awful painting than a copy of a good painting?" "What's wrong with light music?" These are the questions of children undergoing, to some extent, culture in the background. Their parents are imparting whatever taste they themselves have grown; they are being dogmatic, because that is the natural accompaniment to fervour. Lady Diana Cooper, in her autobiography *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*, has some exquisite words to say about the benefits to a child of this attitude—but do *you* need converting?

Six, seven, eight, nine. The little boys are all ears and front teeth now, the little girls wear fringed bobs and pony-tails, short tight plaits (*must* they?) and some, I am sorry to say, home perms. They are not so little either nowadays. Mothers of eleven-year-old girls can be heard in shoe shops: "Yes, I like those. Just as well, because I'll be wearing them after you"—a happy state but brief, for in another few months her daughter's cast-off shoes will be too big.

Birthday parties get better every year during this era—or worse, if you're feeling that way. Last year you got by with fifteen children and a home-made cake; now it's twenty and a shop confection shaped like a 9. What will you do next year for a 10? Don't worry, next year it'll be hexagonal and made of six-coloured ice-cream.

Ten, and nearly eleven, and the boy or girl of today has reached a time of fearful import:

Underline what would be the last word if the sentence were in the right order . . . How many price tickets, each 4 in. by 2½ in., can be cut . . . Write an essay on the season of the year you like best . . .

Yes, indeed, it's that old Eleven Plus. The child is working on sample questions. A lot of classroom time goes to getting the specialized hang of the Intelligence Tests; to arithmetic (which in part will be mental, and nippy); and to enlarging the vocabulary. How difficult is the Eleven Plus? How fair a test? How much of a strain on children and parents? How soon will it be abolished?

Say all this to the average primary school teacher and she will answer, with some amusement, that people shouldn't believe the newspapers, which are at their old trick of being the mouthpiece of public opinion, but shouting that opinion through a loud-hailer. The Eleven Plus does not cause nervous breakdowns in parents; the children if anything enjoy taking the thing; it seems to be getting abolished gradually, county by county, and then there will be tests in school and the Head's report, which perhaps will be a better thing because it will be fair to border-line cases.

"I don't like mine, either."

All the same, parents do worry a bit, and always will as long as grammar schools and secondary modern schools are separate and some test divides the future. By the way, the same sort of tension has been going on for years and years round prep school scholarships to public schools—only of course without the fuss in print, because it is so to speak voluntary, and a minority.

Preparatory and public schools nowadays are always getting knocked in the press. Parents sending eight-year-old boys to expensive boarding-schools are designated unnatural monsters as well as half-wits. Nevertheless, at eight a fair section does peel off into the rambling stone and the brisk red brick of the South Coast, the walled estates of the Home Counties; there to cost their parents a hundred pounds a term and going up, up. Should girls go to boarding-schools at thirteen? In fact should they leave home for school at any age? Hot arguments here, mostly in private talk. Lots of shuddering at the

"Jennifer's made my supper . . ."

hearty types they produce. (Do they? I know they *did*. But now?) In the face of all this it's interesting that in the last twenty-five years girls' prep schools have sprung up all over the country; chic, informal, stately-home places with the accent on horses.

Girls of eleven are mad on horses; boys are not. Nobody knows why. Both by this age should be through with Enid Blyton. It is a phase and as far as I know leaves no trace. Girls by the age of eleven have run through some clothes-phases too, beginning at six with a love of frilly dresses ("But, darling, a plain dress relying on line is much smarter." Oh, come off it, Mum!) and ending with a strong fashion and colour sense, as you can see from the dashing dresses in her wardrobe. But wear the things? Oh dear no, not if she can help it. Trousers, jeans, shorts, shirts, sweaters; these all the year round are the clothes she chooses from.

It is nice to report that modern girls of ten and eleven are much more forward in domestic skills than my lot were. I am always meeting wonderful cake-makers, knitters, washers-up. Yet I find the child washer-up a slightly sad figure; as might Charles Lamb, who heard some poor young boy being told the price of potatoes, and cried that children simply should not have to have this side of life. But the young do rather enjoy the odd bout with the foaming sud and the china; the occasional bash with duster and polish, or a spot of cupboard turning-out. The average mother would, with this age-lot, be grateful for any help offered, refrain from nagging for it, and expect no job to get finished. Tidiness she might try for—and good luck to her, the poor simple soul. Let her remember that when sub-teenagers collect stamps they also disperse them—all over the floor; that among other favourite subjects for collection are the addresses cut off writing-paper and then cut into thin slices; those lineny bits you tear off sticking-plasters, and, in summer, handfuls of dead grass. This is the age of surrealism.

Finally, children from six to eleven may grow a foot in height, inches in the shoes, hugely in word-power and understanding and fondness for brussels sprouts; but when they're asleep in bed they all look the same age. Three. And, dear heaven, how that gets you.

Other contributors to this series will be:-

MARCUS MORRIS
R. G. G. PRICE
PAUL REILLY
C. H. ROLPH
ALAN ROSS
JOHN TAYLOR
GWYN THOMAS
SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN

Before Marriage

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

SO many people have complained about the outspokenness of the British Medical Association's shilling booklet *Getting Married* that sales for the time being have been suspended. It is felt, therefore, that a milder, more thoughtful version is needed. Here it is—for the entire family.

Before we deal with the more important, the cerebral aspects of courtship, it is as well to admit quite openly that *there is also a physical side.* Now, then, we have said it, and automatically we all feel better, don't we, for taking the plunge! Pre-marital experience on the physical plane need not be distasteful, upsetting, or in any way embarrassing. Remember that it is all quite natural. We are all animals with strong instinctive desires.

Let us suppose that a courting couple are sitting together on a park bench, indulging in some pretty serious conversation (the Newton telescope, the new cricket season, the situation in Ankara, the decanting of wines, prospects for the Grand National or the Modern Jazz Quartet—all these are suitable subjects), and feeling definitely *au fait* and *en rapport.*

The young man may now slide his hand along the back-rest of the bench, taking care not to brush against the girl's shoulders. Woods vary greatly in their texture and graining and there is much pleasure to be derived from a detailed finger-tip exploration of the contours and surface even of a heavily-varnished or painted back-rest. Let the messages received by your epidermis flow swiftly to the appropriate centres of the brain. *Enjoy* this new experience.

But don't be hidebound. There is much to be said for variety in courtship, so don't always sit on the same park-bench. Try benches made of different timbers and materials, even cast-iron! You will be amazed that so much tactile joy can be yours for the taking.

Some couples indulge in the pre-marital experience of holding hands, and while I personally regard this practice as over-bold and a little damaging to a couple's *amour-propre*, it can obviously be quite enjoyable if done in moderation. To hold hands the young man and young lady arrange themselves in such a way that manual contact is comfortable and natural. The most decorous arrangement, without a doubt, is the conventional shaking-hands position, with the thumbs crossed. From time to time it is permissible to increase the pressure of the palms, except of course when one hand or the other is holding a gelatinous sweetmeat.

The intertwining of fingers is not recommended. This—and heaven knows I am no puritan spoil-sport—is something that should be reserved for connubial love-making.

And here I should like to tell you a little story, a story with a warning to wantons. My friend X (yes, he is still my friend in spite of these revelations) became engaged to a beautiful young lady, a débutante and a horse-woman with a rapidly growing reputation as a show-jumper. They met occasionally, whenever there happened to be no show-jumping in progress, and sometimes virtually *alone.* On one such occasion X was feeling exceptionally inclined to courtship.

"Matilda dear," he said, "let's get rid of the chaperons."

"But why, my precious?" said Matilda. "They are doing no harm, they are all on daddy's expense account, and they are useful when now and then we need the telly adjusting."

"Get rid of two of them then," snapped X, trying desperately now to hide the courtship in his voice.

"Very well," said Matilda, "but I don't see why." And she dismissed two of the three chaperons with a wave of her excellent rider's hands.

No sooner were they virtually alone than X, who was an earring fetishist, leaned forward and touched Matilda's pearly lobe.

She offered no resistance. Emboldened he touched it again and again.

Still emboldened he pursed his lips and kissed her on the cheek. The remaining chaperon took one pace forward into the room from the *escritoire.* X repeated the kiss.

And what, you may wonder, were Matilda's reactions to all this? A girl or gel brought up as she had been brought

up should have known better than to permit such pre-marital liberties. But Matilda was quite engrossed in Wyatt Earp and barely conscious of X's lascivious presence.

From small beginnings, etc. Believe me when I tell that henceforth the courtship of X and Matilda went from bad to worse. He became a fiend incarnate, forever touching her earrings and planting kisses on her cheeks (sometimes on both cheeks simultaneously), but always he was careful to commit these follies when Matilda was lost in the glare and magic of the cathode-ray tube.

There is a moral of course. Nature brought in her revenges. Yes, they got married, and to all outward appearances lived happily ever after. But from their post-marital courtship there was something missing, and both were the losers because of it. The truth is that my friend X never once kissed his *wife* on the cheek. Not once. As Freud pointed out—in German and therefore more profoundly than it appears in my poor translation—"familiarity breeds contempt." A postscript to the moral is that Matilda stopped wearing earrings. "They get in the way," she said.

Another form of courtship much favoured, I regret to say, by young ladies is the "Please light it for me!" cigarette trick. The young lady takes a proffered cigarette and hands it for ignition to the young man of her choice. He places it between his lips, lights it and hands it to her. O reader, do you not see the incredible cunning of it all! Do you see what the brazen creature has done? She has stolen a kiss!

A pre-marital kiss, perhaps even an extra-marital kiss.

This kind of illicit courtship goes on daily in our great cities, in public places, even in what are ostensibly the most respectable of drawing-rooms and restaurants. Sometimes I shudder at the thought of what conditions must have been like in my father's day, when cigarettes were ten for sixpence. Or were our young people less degenerate in days of yore?

What is petting? I have not read the B.M.A. booklet (no jolly fear!) and therefore I do not know. I imagine, however, that it is a corruption of patting, the peculiar type of pre-marital love-play in which the young man strikes the young lady's back repeatedly with light blows. If this is petting it is to be frowned upon, for it is uncouth and unmannerly. I have seen with my own eyes a young man dancing with his right-hand patting out the rhythm of a cha-cha on his partner's exposed clavicle! The indignity to which the young lady was submitted was bad enough, but what made me wince was the *licence* implicit in the manœuvre. The poor thing must have been black and blue before the last waltz. In all fairness, however, I must add that dorsal petting can be excused when a young lady is being congratulated upon her show-jumping, or when she is suffering from hiccups.

The cerebral side of courtship is, of course, all right.

(*Copies on art vellum at 3 gns. each, or 500 for a pony.*)

Strikes Only on the Box

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

MR. ROSS MITCHELL of Rhondda has, we read, gone on strike against himself. He got the appointment of school welfare officer and then, when all the boys said that the job ought to have gone to someone else, he quite agreed with them and came out on strike. What nobler example of loyal solidarity could you have than that? It is true that he did not take part in the march of protest against himself, and one of his comrades thinks that he was right not to do so. "To be consistent," says this comrade, "if he joins the strike he should also share our views about the seniority rule." I can't see that, I must say. I can see the solidarity-of-the-workers argument, my-comrades-right-or-wrong and stand-by-them-whichever-they-are, but I do not see how a poor man can share their views if he doesn't. Views are not things that can be turned on or off to order like a tap. So Mr. Mitchell, being both a very logical and a very loyal man, first took the job and then went on strike against it, and is now, I presume, drawing his strike pay. As the drunken Boer said at the funeral, what could be fairer or more reasonable than that?

Mr. Mitchell is not the first man to

have struck against himself. In Mexico in the middle of the last century there was a President called President Gil. He announced in his inaugural speech that one of the progressive measures which his Government was introducing was the abolition of capital punishment for murder. "What was that you said?" asked an old gentleman who was rather hard of hearing. "I said," repeated the President, "that we had abolished capital punishment for murder," whereupon the old gentleman whipped out his gun and took a pot at him while the going was good. President Gil was succeeded by President Comonfort, who did not at all like the look of things. He said to his pals that if it was all right with them he would resign, but they liked the look of things no more than he, and they pointed out to him that under the constitution he had no power to resign. He could only be relieved of his functions if he was expelled by force. President Comonfort saw no difficulty in that. He issued a proclamation against his own Government, denouncing it for being "odious, tyrannical and corrupt," as indeed it was, and calling on the people to rise in arms and expel it, which without hesitation they did; and the good President, who had already salted away as much money as was good for him, fled the country and lived very happily for the rest of his life in Paris.

At the time when the Black-and-Tans and the Sinn Feiners were between them making life uncomfortable in Ireland, Sir Thomas Molony was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Lloyd George's Government had established a puppet Parliament in Dublin, which the Sinn Feiners denounced as a fraud, and there was a good chance that when that Parliament was opened there would be some shooting. According to the constitution the Parliament must be opened by the Lord Lieutenant or, failing the Lord Lieutenant, by the Lord Chancellor or, failing the Lord Chancellor, by the Lord Chief Justice. When the time came the Lord Lieutenant said that he was not feeling very well. The Lord Chancellor said that he was even worse. So it came to Sir Thomas Molony. He was determined that for no consideration would he open the Parliament. He discovered that the Lord Chief Justice was inhibited from performing his functions if he left the realm of Ireland without the consent of His Majesty. So the day before the Parliament was due to be opened he took the boat over to Holyhead, set one foot on British soil and then re-embarked and came back again.

So Mr. Mitchell has good precedents for his action. He has imitators in the spirit, if not in the exact letter. Mr. Mackay, for instance, that admirable sportsman, despairing of finding at the same time an English bowler who could get him out and an Australian umpire who would give him out, has fallen back on giving himself out; and perhaps we shall live to see an Australian bowler no-balling himself. Is not that in the spirit? A doctor who has written a best-seller on Happy Marriage has celebrated it, it is reported, by parting from his wife. The Professor of Geology at Reading University, a plain, blunt man, is quite prepared to call a spade a spade but will never again call a diamond a diamond; and there are even rumours that in the House of Commons we may yet see a Speaker defying his own rulings and going on strike against himself.

Indeed Mr. Mitchell has done something which is neither without precedent nor, I feel, at all likely to be without imitation. In this imperfect world there is almost always something to be said on both sides, and what better Hegelian plan than that the same bloke should say both the somethings—first taking the job and then striking against it? As the great American thinker said at the time of that country's experiment with Prohibition: "The Drys have got the Law and the Wets have got the drinks. So what the hell?"

Two for the Spring Double

From Our Racing Correspondent

THE Lincoln should present little difficulty this year. Taking a line through Old Boots, a bad third to Pigs in Clover (gave 3 lb.) in the Rum Punch Stakes at Kempton last July, there would seem to be hardly anything to choose between Happi Feat, who dead-heated for second place with Old Boots on level terms at Ascot in the race won by Xenophon II with Lulu unplaced behind the ultimate St. Leger winner Brer Lapin, and King Rhubarb, for both these five-year-olds have since given weight and a beating to Old Boots —Happi Feat by a distance at Lewes in the Sandcastle Plate, in which Ralph the Rover was pulled up lame three and a half furlongs out when he seemed to have the race in his pocket, and King Rhubarb by eight lengths in the Cheese and Pickle Handicap Stakes over nine furlongs at Alexandra Park, for which he was entered through an oversight, and in which it should not be forgotten that Fifty Smackers, Captain Webb, Indeterminate (a full brother to Lydia Languish), Predestination, Parlez Moi, Dreyfus, Molly Bloom, Gang War, Begone Dull Care and Half Asleep were all unplaced behind him, and that Atomic Particle, likely to start at odds of 40—1 for the Lincoln, finished a gallant third only to be disqualified for swerving dangerously in the last twenty-five yards and interfering with Rhapsodie Espagnol, who unseated his jockey, ran out on the stands side, and trod on a parcel of banana sandwiches belonging to a Mrs. R. Brown.

CODE SELECTION
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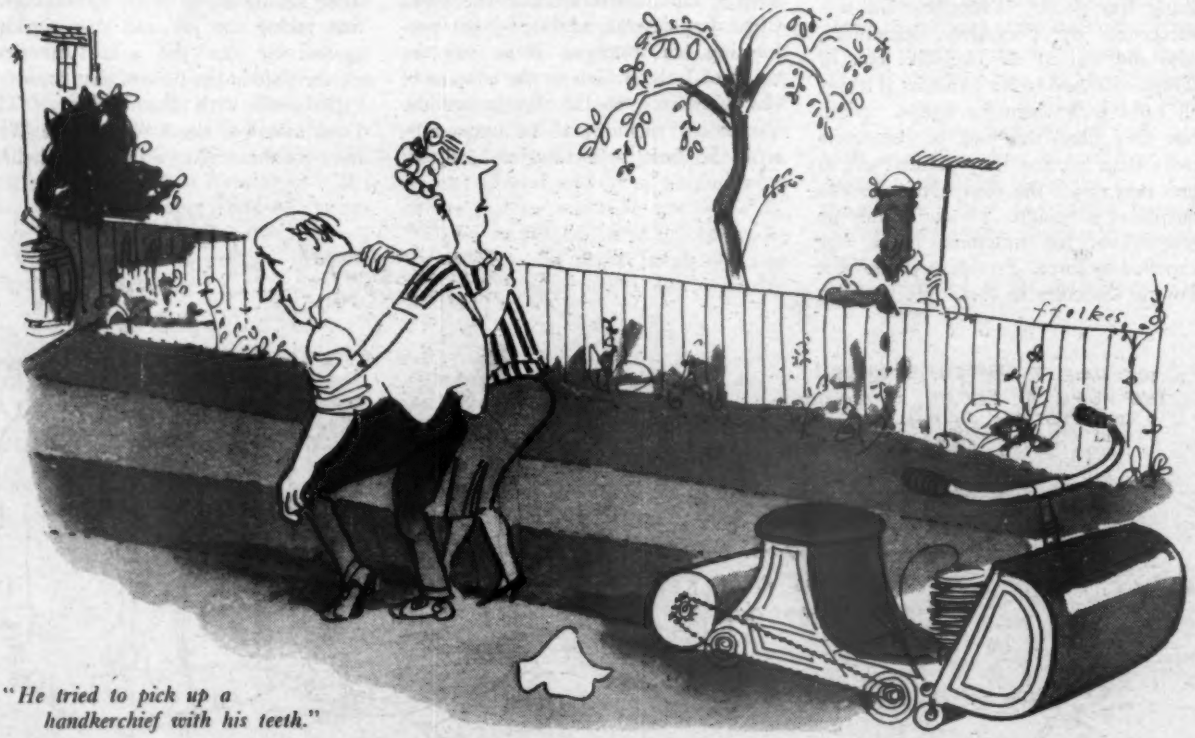
Against this, of course, we must set the fact that King Rhubarb will be the mount of Ned Lubber, who has never been placed in the Lincoln in thirteen attempts and will be out to break this long sequence, while Old Boots will be partnered by B. Spangle, a jockey well in form, and one moreover who knows this circular left-hand course backwards and has just returned from Cannes, where he owns six villas and a small hotel. The chances of the seven-year-old Carpet Sweeper cannot be overlooked, for this big chestnut gelding has any amount of pluck and has done his best over a mile. On the other hand, he finished last season lame and has never travelled well. I pass over Rupert, Handstand, Runaboutabit, Rameses III and The Marquis of Stockport Plate winner Who Cares, since they can all be faulted on breeding, Handstand's line on his sire's side being particularly suspect in the matter of stamina, for it will be remembered that all Peerless Wardrobe's progeny have excelled over six furlongs, with the notable exception of Waistcoat Pocket. Dining Room Carpet, one of my sixty horses to follow last season, has trained on satisfactorily, and has been hunted extensively in Rutland. If the cut on his leg heals he may well be concerned in the finish, as may Pudding and Pie, fifth to Inter-denominational in the Playmates Stayers' Handicap at Brighton, Dhu Yhu, trained by Mrs. Gregory-Rollinstock in her spare time at Tunbridge Wells,



"He tried to pick up a handkerchief with his teeth."

Hukleberry, Lighthousekeeper, Pass the Sugar, Upholstery II, Circle Bar, Wayward Fern, Arfer Mo, Congenial and Liver Stew. None of these, however, can be seriously expected to win, and I must stand firmly on my selection.

The Grand National, by comparison, looks complicated. No horse carrying more than 12st. 6 lb. has won the race since 1919, and only three winners have returned odds of 100–1 since 1899. Lively Shelagh (by Look Alive out of Sheila's Tipper), Animal Farm, Bandullah, Prize Lad (by Boy Wonder out of Medal Ribbon), Grunt, Duckswim, Thatched Roof, O.R.U., Naughty Coalman (by Miner's Socks out of Incorrigible), Ballywell, Ballymull, Fill the Phluter, Cork Tip and Ellovashuv (third to J. Crouche's Wonder Why, carrying 9 st. 7 lb., ridden by Mr. H. B. N. Cunningham-Porch's cowman, R. Hewitt, in a point-to-point at Stow-in-the-Middle in February, when Hilarity Pete (9.11.3) ate part of the second favourite in the big field behind the church and was found three days later outside a draper's shop in Lincolnshire) may be ruled out, and of the rest only Shannon Airport, Ho Hum, Coriander, C'est Moi, Clumsy, Turbulence, Gentle Lizard, Mrs. Thing, Action Stations and Vast Improvement can jump. Our Course Correspondent, Colonel Stan, who has drawn Turmoil in the office sweep and refuses an offer of half a guinea for his chance, points out that King Queen Jack, winner of the Wildway 'Chase last month, is a half-sister to Rupert, a cousin of the nine-year-old Poppyhen who fell at the last in the Market Garden Novice's Hurdle when leading from Syrup Tart (nephew of Tweed Suit and well fancied by his connections, including his rider, Anthony Pullborough's son Luke, who is confident that Syrup Tart will give a good account of himself if there is no wind and a little less noise than usual at the Canal Turn first time round) and Mashed Potato, who went on to dispose of some lively opposition, including J. Bitherington's National mount Old Rope, in the Grand Rockingham Amateur Hunter 'Chase earlier this month, when well-fancied Pencil Box (half-brother to Coriander) refused at the third. There, then, you have my two for the Spring Double.

— ALEX ATKINSON

"George is in bed—his dressing-room is being redecorated."

Esmid

Reluctant Hero of a Civil War

By CLAUD COCKBURN

WELL-wishers in fog-bound London told Harold Smith to put all he had into his convalescence. Get out there on those sun-drenched beaches, they said, and really and truly relax. Have fun and romance, they said. Join the human race.

After three weeks of it Smith felt as gay as the inside of a travel-folder. There was a fine rum drink on the café table. In a back street people were singing calypsoes. And two days after Smith's arrival a small but genuine civil war had started, and continued in the manner that a visitor to such a place has a right to expect.

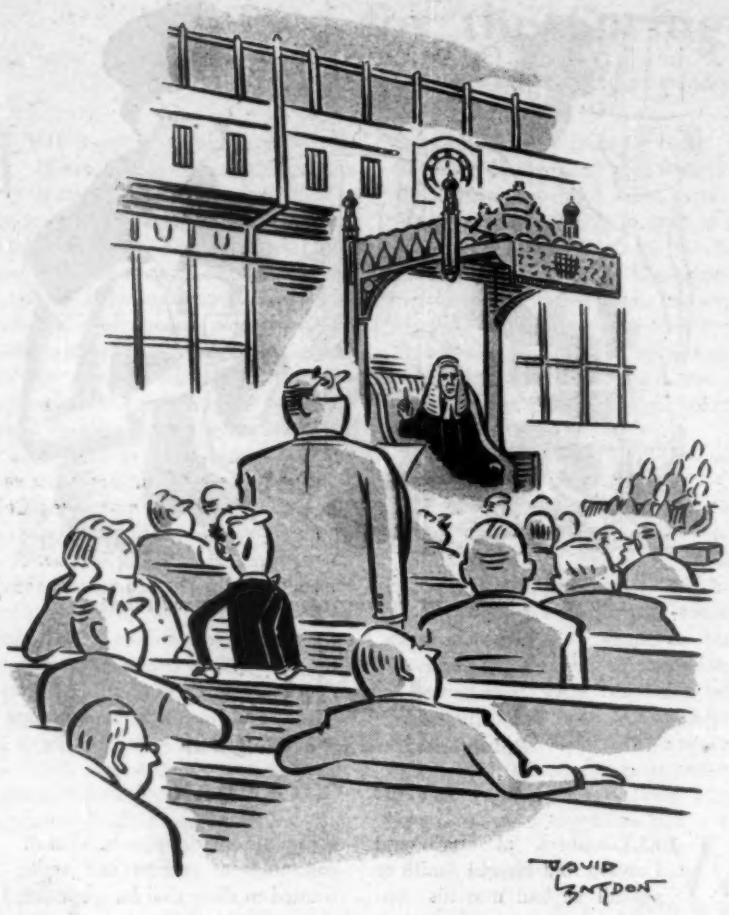
Bonhomie was what he felt, and with bonhomie he greeted the two gendarmes who now approached him. They did not reciprocate. Seeming to look past his face at the tips of his ears in an extremity of aloofness and suspicion, they questioned him—Why had he come? With what objective? How motivated?

"Just having fun," Smith said. "I love all this kind of thing." He waved towards the calypso noises, but these had now ceased and some people were firing automatic pistols instead. He continued to gesture and smile. He wanted to show that he appreciated this characteristic civil war, too.

"So!" said one of the two gendarmes. Twenty questions later they told him he was under arrest for suspected abetting of subversive activities. He laughed with bonhomie.

"Now listen," said he. "Plenty of people here know all about me. I've made lots of nice friends. Even the kids, they know me. Uncle Eraldo from Inglaterra. Ask that one." He pointed to an urchin kicking a broken cordial bottle in the gutter. "He's the nephew of a man I've got to know, Mr. Manuel, who's the first cousin, as a matter of fact, of a girl I've got to know, actually."

Questioned, the urchin said certainly he knew Uncle Eraldo Esmid, and furthermore, he said (his tone slightly impudent), they had better be very, very careful how they handled Uncle Eraldo because Uncle Eraldo had a secret gun that would shrivel any gendarme to a crisp at two thousand yards, and blow a hole right through the Presidential palace if Uncle Eraldo so desired.



"How can I ever explain to my constituents why I never catch the Speaker's eye?"

During the next few minutes Smith told himself it was sort of amusing to be explaining to these cops about this imaginary ray gun he'd told the kid about. They looked as though he were seeking to insult their intelligence. "Come!" one of them said harshly.

In what he took to be the charge-room at the barracks he waited a long time. For what? he asked the gendarmes. The answer appeared in the form of Mr. Manuel, uncle of urchin, with whom he had drunk many a glass of rum under the moon. Mr. Manuel seemed startled to find Mr. Smith under arrest. "But don't worry," he said, "I will explain."

"Permit me to suggest," Mr. Manuel said to the chief gendarme, "that caution is desirable in this case. Your prisoner is, as I understand it, a prominent English military man. His exploits on various fronts during the late war were remarkable. A strategist, too, of the highest calibre. I know from something he told me that had General Montgomery been in a position to act, as he wished to do, in accordance with the suggestions made to him by Eraldo Esmid the war would have been over two years earlier."

The expression on the faces of the gendarmes became grimmer than ever. Mr. Smith was starting to say something when a noise, both terrible and beautiful, came along the passage and into the room. It was the ululation of a fine soprano. With it came a girl of splendid physique.

"My first cousin Constancia!" cried Mr. Manuel. She embraced Mr. Smith hotly, flashed her eyes at the gendarmes and demanded explanations. They wanted to know who was Eraldo Esmid? Well, he was just merely one of the most respected thinkers in Britain, that was all. He had, for instance, thought of the atom bomb in a general way long before Einstein. Also he was going to marry her and in a week or two they would be on their honeymoon in London, driving round and round Buckingham Palace in a Rolls-Royce.

One of the gendarmes said "Atom bomb. So!" under his breath. Smith started to smile sideways and babble a piece about moonlight and rum and just kidding, when a contralto ululation, no less beautiful and terrible in its way than the soprano, came in fast. With it came a girl of splendid proportions and allure.

She dashed across the room to Mr. Smith, thrust aside the girl Constancia, and embraced him. "Eraldo," she crooned. "Ah! Hullo there, Carmencita!" said Mr. Smith.

Her superb eyes blazed as the gendarmes sought to question her. Oafs that they were, they had arrested one of Britain's greatest men, impending saviour of his country. Millions would rally soon to his policy for ending income tax and abolishing the civil service bureaucracy. He had a plan for solving the traffic problem too. Also he loved her. They were going to be married and in a week or two would be on their honeymoon, flying up and down the Riviera in his private helicopter.

There were about ten seconds of silence, like a crevasse opening abruptly. Then there was piercing, wearing noise. Constancia said this, and then Carmencita said that, but in viler terms. Mr. Manuel, his fists doubled, put his face within four inches of Mr. Smith's and said "You would dare attempt to seduce my first cousin with false pretences? We shall see."

Harold Smith would not have thought, earlier in the day, that he would have been glad to see the gendarmes driving these people brutally from the room and locking him personally in a cell, but he was. In the middle of his fourth night of incarceration he was awakened by a masked figure who said "Deliverance has come. The gendarmes, brutal instruments of an oppressive régime, are bribed or drugged. Freedom lies before you, as before our beloved country."

A car took Smith and deliverer to a private airstrip, a helicopter whirled them thence to a mountain cave suitable

for a leader of revolt. In it was the Supreme Liberator, Honorio Modesto. Though his belt sagged with pistols such as Pancho Villa used to shoot, Modesto was, he explained, the civilian leader. To Eraldo Esmid he offered the supreme military command of The Movement.

News, he told Smith, of the latter's presence in the island, of his valour, his know-how, his expertise with atomic ray-guns, his sublime self-sacrifice in quitting his great English position to put his services at disposal of forces of freedom here in small island, had spread among the populace. His arrest by the hirelings of obscurantist tyrany had roused wildest indignation.

"But," said Harold Smith, "I mean to say, look here."

Kissing him on both cheeks Modesto said "A thousand thanks. On learning that you have accepted my offer of the supreme command the enemy will suffer a moral collapse. The spirit of our people will rise from the heroic to the invincible."

Abominating all forms of violent resistance to properly constituted authority, Smith yet reflected that the alternative seemed to be the gaol and subsequent confrontation with the honour-avenging Manuel, the outraged Constancia, the infuriated Carmencita. Nor was it entirely false to state that he had experience of military leadership. He had been a sergeant.

He accepted. The result was as Modesto had predicted. Believing all struggle hopeless against forces captained by the incomparable Eraldo Esmid, Government troops deserted in tens of thousands. They were headed by Colonel Ippolito, Under-Secretary for War. For months he had been seeking occasion to escape from his wife who nagged at him for being Under-Secretary instead of Secretary. He left a note on his pillow saying that idealism impelled him to unite himself with The Bolivar of To-morrow—Eraldo Esmid.

On the rebel side, awed by the presence of Esmid, many soldiers took to appearing on parade, obeying orders, etc.

Day after day, the rebels waited in quiet confidence for Esmid to strike a decisive blow. He said "The essence of a master plan is that it should be masterly," and waited in nervous despair for something to turn up. It did. News arrived that "a man named Manuel and two women" were on the secret airstrip outside the capital, awaiting passage in the rebel helicopter "on an urgent mission to the Generalissimo."

"The hour has struck," cried Harold Smith. "My orders are for general advance on all fronts, broad and narrow. The watchword is 'Victory or death.'"

On the night following the decisive battle, the capital and the country now at the feet of the rebel army, only two men in the victorious host were heavy of heart—Harold Smith and Colonel Ippolito.

"If you'll forgive my saying so, Generalissimo," said the Colonel, "you look a bit down in the mouth."

"Same to you, if you don't mind my mentioning it, Colonel," said Harold Smith.

Baring his inmost thoughts, the Colonel pointed out that since in the new Government Esmid would obviously be Secretary for War, he Ippolito would still be Under-Secretary, still despised and nagged by his wife, his whole trouble in vain. Revealing the torment of his soul, Harold Smith said that even as Secretary for War he would have to face (*a*) Mr. Manuel, (*b*) Constancia, (*c*) Carmencita.

"Could I but die on the field of battle," he remarked emotionally.

"You mean I should shoot you?" inquired Ippolito with eagerness.

"I should like," said Smith, "to have the results of a glorious death without, if you understand me, its unpleasant consequences. For instance . . ."

Colonel Ippolito carried out his suggestion with enthusiasm. At noon on the following day a vessel bearing the largest and noblest coffin imaginable, furnished with a comfortable mattress and some bottles of rum, left the island shores. Through a convenient peephole, Smith watched from its interior the scene on the quayside where Colonel Ippolito, newly-appointed Secretary for War, was pronouncing the funeral oration of Eraldo Esmid, struck down at the very apex of victory, whose body at his own request was at this moment on its way to the nearest bit of sterling area.

The vast concourse included Colonel Ippolito's admiring wife. Also present were Mr. Manuel, Constancia and Carmencita. They mourned the hero but did not despair, for an Order of Friends of the Liberator—whose members received a considerable emolument from the State—had at Harold Smith's request been created, and of this they were foundation members.

☆

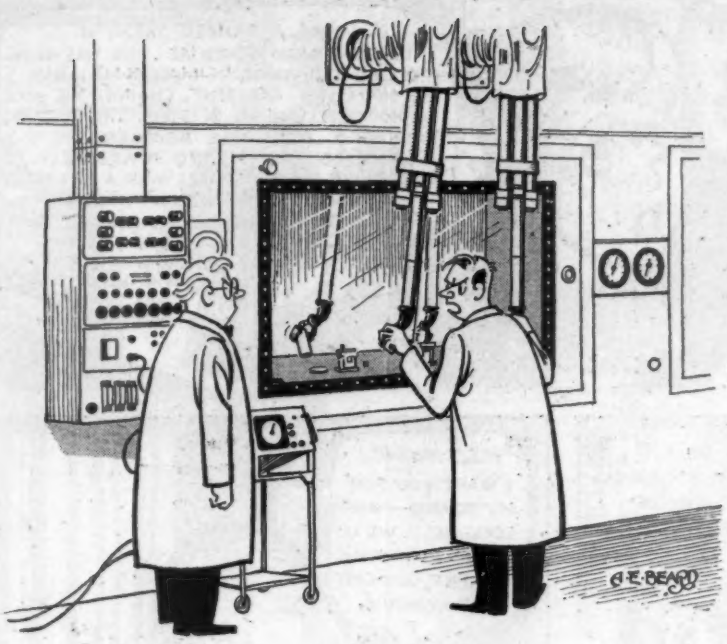
"EIRE, near Shannon—Accommodation offered lady by another (University graduate) in pleasantly situated Georgian house, suit lady seeking quiteness . . ."—*The Times*

And there are plenty of those.

SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT STRIPS *No.1 — Two's Company*

He made a take-over bid . . . for her!

Watch for Socially Significant Strip No. 2 soon — "Don't Mention Pensions!"



"All right, all right—I've only got two pairs of hands."

Unfrozen Assets

By EVOE

"COME to lovely Siberia and wander in the mammoth-haunted woods" may soon be one of the announcements of the travel agencies to capture the eye of holiday-makers weary of eternal sunshine and blue seas.

I have evidence that Mr. Khrushchev is already preparing to open these glades of mystery to the pleasure-seekers of the West, and like the elephant in Africa the mammoth will be the principal attraction.

For the mammoth most probably lives. Such is the half-serious conclusion, after twenty-two pages of learned and eloquent argument, arrived at by M. Bernard Heuvelmans in "*Sur la Piste des Bêtes Ignorées*" * which has recently been translated into English (as though we hadn't all read it two or three years ago in French, dear me). Just listen to his words:

"Why not the Mammoth? Many palæontologists have admitted that it could have survived until relatively recently. Could it not have survived until to-day in a land as little known as the Country of the Yakuts, the Ostiaks and the Yukaghirs? Legends of hairy giants have always been current. What are we to make of these legends?"

Everything possible in my opinion. I have never doubted the word of a Yakut or a Yukaghir yet. And the Ostiaks, as far as I have been able to observe them, are people of transparent honesty with a sterling vein of common sense.

The gentle and hirsute quadruped with whom we deal has often of course been found refrigerated, a fly (as it were) in amber, and was for long years supposed to have preceded man as a dweller on this ridiculous globe; but after a while it was discovered that man was in the habit of drawing rude pictures of him on the walls of caves, and the error about his date was greeted with loud ringing laughter at zoological cocktail parties all over the world. M. Bernard Heuvelmans goes much farther. With a wealth of detail which I cannot even try to condense he explains that the specimens found in the deep-freeze may have been merely outliers, deceived by marshes and crevasses covered with snow, while the cautious survivors browsed their way through the centuries into forests which are still thirty times the size of Great Britain and about three-quarters of the size of the U.S.A. The winter food of these kindly creatures was found to be pine and willow and birch, and on this pleasant diet they may be living still, uninterviewed and undisturbed.

It is true that the writer is very tolerant to the whole race of extinct and half fabulous beasts. He encourages the Bunyip and the Nandi Bear. He has a kind word for the gigantic otter of Patagonia which devours horses, and he even throws a bun to the Mngwa, the Strange One of Tanganyika, which is as big as a donkey, eats men, and is striped like a tabby cat. The natives of these places have seen these creatures, and why should they be wrong? They know more about their own animals than we do. They are probably on the brink of self-government, have been to Balliol and understand democracy and motor-cars, and their territories are full of deep jungle where any huge and wholly unprincipled beast may survive. In the more thickly populated areas the position is different. Nobody any longer expects to find a Minotaur in Crete, or even a Chimera in Cyprus. This argument carries great weight with me, and I subscribe to the mammoth *in toto*, not to mention the Chimchimen or, if you prefer it, the Gemechin or the Chipekwe or the Isiququmadevu. There is no animal that I would sooner keep as a pet than the Isiququmadevu.

To return to Mr. Khrushchev. What is he likely to do with the mammoth when found? Not I think to hunt it or trap it or sell its fur to the world of fashion, or turn its twisted tusks into billiard balls, or tin it to take the place of Argentine beef. Surely he is right in planning to make of the Siberian woodlands a vast nature reserve. Chilly, perhaps, but bracing. Dark, but how mysterious, how profound. What proposal could be more conducive to international comity and goodwill?

* *On the Track of Unknown Animals.* Translated by Richard Garnett. *Hart-Davis.*

One thing I hope and trust Mr. Khrushchev will not do and that is to send a mammoth up into interstellar space in a specially devised rocket cage. This would be cruel to a fellow creature which has spent so many hundreds of thousands of years quietly eating bits of willow and pine and trying not to catch a deathly chill. These exhibitions of megalomania should be avoided at all costs, and it is pitiful to think of the sad and solemn face of *Elephas primigenius* photographed on departure or in transit for the television screen and faintly trumpeting as it proceeds among the neighbouring planets.

I should like to think that the mammoth will be taught at least to play cricket in circuses before he travels to the moon.

Let Us Now Praise . . .

LET us now praise the lineage of famous Macmillans!
Clansmen descended from sound Caledonian stock.
The forefathers first, freeborn crofters, not bondsmen or villeins,
Of him who now shepherds the hardy Conservative flock.

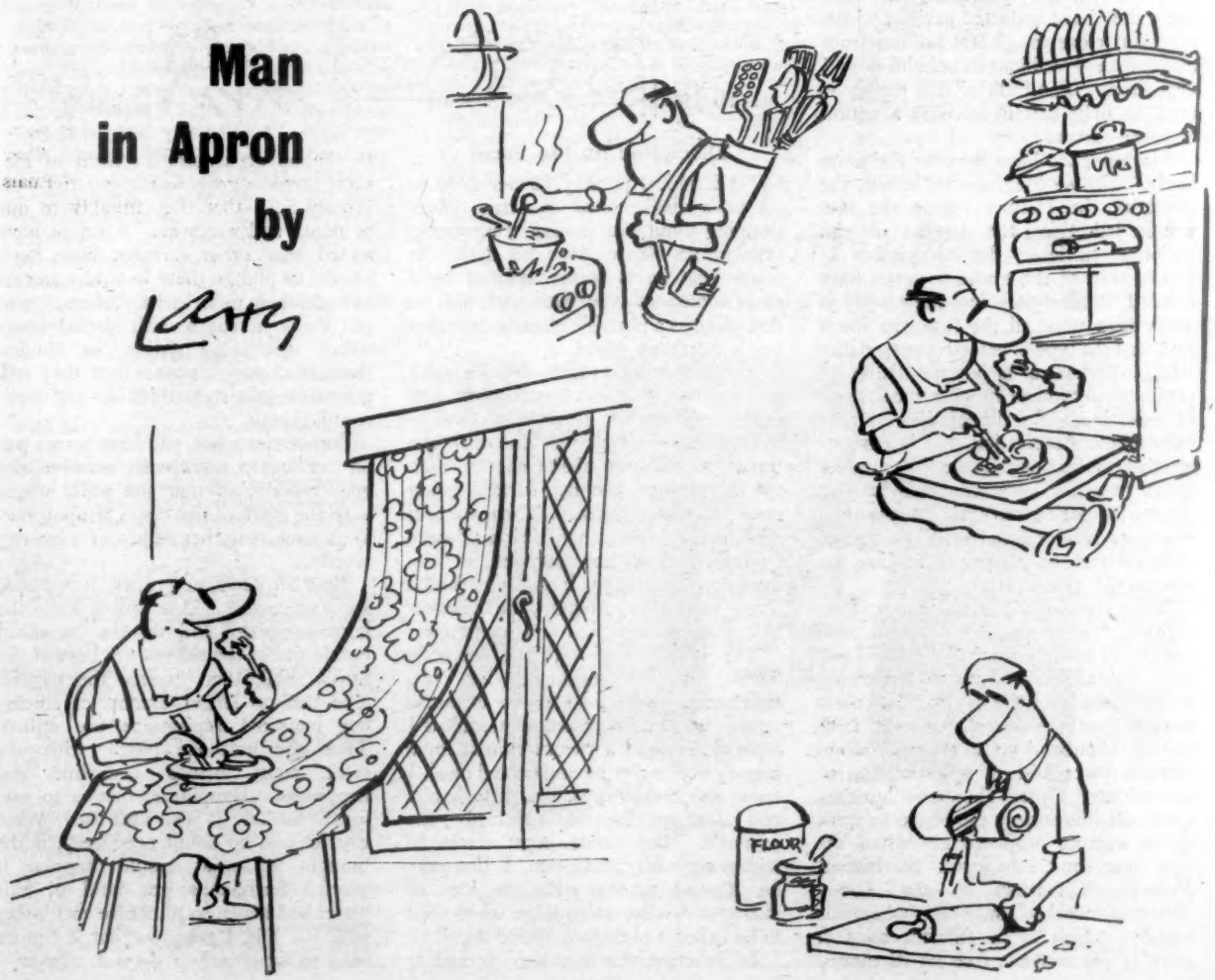
John Stuart Macmillan, the eminent Utilitarian,
Rob Roy Macmillan, the freebooter knight without armour,
Thomas Babington Macmillan, great Liberal Macmillanarian,
The heroine Flora Macmillan, fair Jacobite charmer!

And after, praise him who now crowns his auspicious quadrennium,
Harold! the idol of Parliament, toast of Whitehall,
Of whom it is said, as he works for the bright Macmillennium,
"The mills of Macmillan grind slow but exceedingly small."

Let us praise famous names which begat the Macmillan tradition—
Not one dark Satanic Macmillan impairing its power;
Well might the poet exclaim in a state of inspired precognition,
"Macmillan! thou shouldst have been living at this hour!"

— OLGA KATZIN

Man in Apron by



Sex and Building Societies

THERE are few things more robustly British than our building societies. Their very names are redolent of the shires and of the local traditions and patriotism of an age that preceded the chain stores and the uniformity of nation-wide joint stock banks and national newspapers. Roll them round your tongue: the Halifax, Woolwich Equitable, Leeds Permanent, Burnley, Leicester Permanent, Leek and Moorlands, Wolverhampton Freeholders . . . they almost make one's mouth water.

They are also brave upholders of a tradition of thrift, self-help, and ownership which is beginning to wear a little thin in these improvident days when the halls of respectability are all too often papered with H.P. contracts. Between them they have collected savings which now run close to £2,500 million from more than 4 million shareholders and depositors. The bulk of this money is used to help Britain become a nation of home owners.

The societies have been in the news lately. Not so long ago there was the battle of the Halifax versus the rest which led this, the largest of the societies, to leave the Association in which most of the sound societies have banded themselves. No one to-day is quite clear what all the fuss was about save that the type of assertive personality which Yorkshire is always liable to produce must have its occasional show of assertion. So the Halifax is now outside the Association and is demonstrating its independence by quoting lower rates for borrowing and lending money (5½ per cent as against the normal mortgage rate of 6 per cent and 3¼ per cent tax-free on shares as against the normal 3½ per cent).

More recently the Leicester Permanent has announced that it will reduce its lending rate from 6 to 5½ per cent, but without shifting its borrowing rates. What has Leicester got that others haven't got? Perhaps a little more faith in the likelihood of a general fall in interest rates and in a lower rate of income tax. Unless these two hunches come off this society may have to work on an austere profit-margin when the new rates come into force. Sir Harold Bellman, Chairman of the Abbey National, worked out that when his society, which is as efficient as any, pays 3½ per cent tax free for its money it is, with the tax liability, paying approximately 5¼ per cent. Management expenses absorb ½ per cent leaving only ¼ per cent for the necessary allocation to reserves. But whether the Leicester Permanent's act of faith comes off or not, this move by one of the largest societies will stir the dovecotes of the Association.

If societies paying 3½ per cent can only just make ends meet how in the world can certain societies offer up to 5 per cent tax free—admittedly for long term deposits? That they do so will have been conveyed to all of us who have to travel up and down the moving staircases on the Underground. There, dominated but not swamped by advertisements revealing quite other vital statistics, are figures of the generous rates of interest advertised by certain societies. How is it done? Let Sir Harold Bellman explain: "The rates they proffer to investors, which they must recoup by charging an exceptionally high rate to their borrowers, suggest that they are not conducting normal building society business, but may well be involved in more or less speculative property transactions." Caveat Usuror!

Building societies have recently been accused of bias against women borrowers. The feminists have cited the case of the professional woman who was refused a mortgage loan unless it were guaranteed by her good-for-nothing hanger-on of a husband. That, concedes a spokesman, may have occurred—but if so it was done by the unintelligent application of the general rule that a mortgage taken out in the name of a wife should normally be guaranteed by the husband.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

Discipline on the Farm

THE typical poultry farmer used to be a disillusioned ex-Army officer slopping about with mash and exercising little or no control over his flock. It seems that he is being replaced by a more tooled-up type with such aids to discipline as a portable electric debeaker and a hormone pistol.

Take the debeaker first. It is "a quick inexpensive cure for cannibalism and feather-picking." Birds will emerge from this beneficent machine with the upper mandible a shade shorter than the lower one, the cut surface being automatically cauterized. The operation will make the other fowls "more contented and less nervous in the assurance that they will not be pecked." Thus, with one swift coup, the debeaker brings both correction and happiness.

The hormone pistol, if I correctly follow the advertisement, has two functions: it can be used to caponize poultry or to cure broody hens. Now I have always had a weak moment for a broody hen, never having owned one. I know she breaks eggs, has dirty habits and destroys morale, especially the farmer's. But surely, after weeks of laying eggs for gentlemen, a hen may be allowed to toy with the idea of raising a family, to indulge what used to be called a philoprogenitive urge?

In practice, she may not. According to the advertisement in front of me, some farmers grow so exasperated with broody hens that they fling them out of doors and windows. It might have added that other farmers have been known to plunge them in cold water or to shake them up in sacks. Others, again, put them in coops with slatted bases which discourage sitting, or confine them in cramped pens where they will pine to rejoin right-thinking and free-running hens.

Sometimes a hen will have a ring put on her leg to mark each occasion she goes broody, so that she walks about with the mark of her disgrace upon her. With each ring, her hopes of longevity recede.

Now all such indignities, it appears, are unnecessary. One simply loads the hormone pistol and thrusts the sharp nozzle under the skin at the base of the bird's skull, then presses the trigger. The hen no longer dreams of chicks; her maternal aspirations are stilled. Thus the hormone pistol, with one swift coup, brings discipline and happiness. Happiness, that is to say, for the farmer. It is all a bit 1984. What worries me, no doubt needlessly, is the thought of what would happen if playful farmhands got hold of this pistol and began to puncture each other with it. Did I mention that it can be used to caponize?

— E. S. TURNER

Toby Competitions

No. 59—All Aboard

COMPETITORS are invited to draft an advertisement of a Luxury Mystery Cruise to last six months. Limit one hundred and fifty words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, March 20, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 59, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 56
(*Dramatis Personæ*)

Competitors were urged to draft descriptive lists of characters for contemporary plays. Rather too many entries were based on the same joke and some competitors found it difficult to maintain the level of their best ideas. I was particularly struck among such flashes by the leading psycho-analyst who claimed to work on neo-Freudian principles but in fact relied upon a nineteenth-century publication *Dreams and Their Meaning*, the hunchback who lived on his daughter's immoral savings, the tax dodger who wore co-respondent cuff-links, the psychiatrist's wife who was tired of being a couch-widow, and "Doreen C——, a Ph.D. from a broken home. Likes pale ale and Bach for the hell of it. Quite non-U except where men are concerned." Drama was predominantly Beckett rather than Osborne.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

MISS JUDITH SILK
13 HIGHDOWN ROAD
LEWES, SUSSEX

THE MAN scrapes sewers, craves constantly for Bird's Nest Soup. The Chinese restaurants close before he can remove the lid of his manhole. He chews tobacco.

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR dreads sewers. He will let them be scraped at night only—when he is asleep. He chews dyspepsia tablets.

THE WOMAN, a one-legged, one-eyed hag adorned with a rakish raffia wig. She has been to China. Some day she will tell The Man the recipe for Bird's Nest Soup. She chews rotten lettuce leaves.

THE CHILD sits on the crumbling stairs watching life with slow eyes. It chews gum.

Runners-up, who receive guinea book-tokens, were:

THE UNCOMMITTED SIBLINGS

RODNEY SOUR (formerly Rhona Sour): An unsuccessful quiz-entrant, practising under the name of "Rev. Spencer Wedgwood," an agnostic parson.

LUCIUS SOUR (his identical twin brother, formerly sister, Lucy): A crypto-Conservative public relations consultant.

SID LEVERAGE (born Solomon Steinberg): Formerly living on their immoral earnings now blackmailed by the twins for obvious reasons.

LORD WAPPING: A Life Peer, formerly Elsie Mole, Labour M.P., an unsuccessful abortionist, largely responsible for the whole situation.—*David Leslie, 57 Glenmore Road, Hampstead, N.W.3*

LOLLY MUDD: A would-be sex-kitten film actress aged ten, in love with Robeson, her golliwog.

MRS. MUDD: Grandmother of the above, a vice-president of the Imperial Knitting League, schizophrenically veering towards both daylight saving and midnight jiving.

ERNEST SNAITH: Solicitor and embezzler devoting much time to good works. Lolly's guardian.

MOLLY QUIN-PERFID: Thirteen-year-old gymkhana heroine gnawed by guilt owing to her secret preference for cows.—*C. L. Lyall, 5 Weston Road, Petersfield, Hants.*

ALBERT GLIME: A merchant of fuel and a rustic philosopher, more attentive in pursuit of the grape than in providing for his three wives, or for

SALLY GLIME: His daughter, a Salvationist shop assistant, affianced to Basil Ventimore, but three months gone with child by

SID COOPER: A Blackamoor drug addict, her lover, afterwards reveal'd illegitimate son of Sir Piers Ventimore.

BASIL VENTIMORE: A guitarist, disillusioned disinherited elder son of Sir Piers, betroth'd to Sally, but secretly enamour'd of the Blackamoor.—*Jefferson C. Grieves, 294 Lynmouth Avenue, Morden, Surrey*

EDWARD ALDINGTON: A handsome wire-drawer with a nice line in chelated halo-phosphate phosphors and a dab hand with a geiger counter, is relentlessly pursued by

KATY SHARP: A welfare supervisor with a gin bottle in the filing cabinet and not enough reputation to dust a fiddle. She has a rival in

VALERIE BUNBRICK: A crazy, mixed-up, part-time records clerk. Edward scorns both and prefers

PENELOPE PELVIS: A mortician's model who is living in sin with a rodent operative who has just won the winner of the Grand National in the *Daily Sketch*. Edward has poisoned the horse with polyamino-polycarboxylic acid.—*M. Roberts, 40 Pettiver Crescent, Rugby, Warwickshire*

CLEAN OUT OF SEASON

JANE SMITH WYTHANEE: A drug-taking beauty successfully combining membership of the House with thriving call-girlship.

DES WART: Nineteen-year-old ex-Borstal playwright, novelist and critic engaged to Jane.

"THE REV.": Ageing bookmaker's runner; a parson forced by the economic facts of life to seek the sanctuary of the Turf.

ZENA MOUNT: A morbidly lovely woman of thirty whose diseased throat has maintained her at the top of the Hit Parade since 1946. She covets Des and plans to blackmail Jane into marriage with "The Rev."—*Michael Birt, Stone House, Staunton-on-Wye, Herefordshire*

CHESTNUT GROVE

F. H. Townshend drew copiously in Punch between 1904 and 1920.

MY LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (who has just given a penny to Miss A, of Park Lane, who is selling "Votes for Women"). "NO, NO, KEEP THE PAPER, MY GOOD WOMAN, KEEP THE PAPER!"

February 9 1910

Suna or Later

FOR WOMEN

FRIENDS often say to me (knowing my flair) "It's all very well trying to be Good Taste people *now*, but what of the future? What will we be doing, saying, wearing, thinking in 1962?"

Suna, I say (or Cecil or Kay or Val or Viv—it depends which of my friends I am talking to), the future is already abundantly clear to *me*. Listen carefully and you too will become a pace-setter. Now then.

The coloured stocking craze will be dead by 1962 and tights will no longer be worn. Gaiters, however, definitely will, and if you don't know a bishop now is the time to brush up on your ecclesiastical acquaintance and invest in a stout button-hook.

Then you should think ahead to the great Fattening craze. We will all be Rubens girls in the 'sixties (soubriquet—the Stout 'Sixties), and corset-makers will fade from the Underground like snow-wreaths in thaw. Collar-bones will not be worn; subcutaneous fat will. Miss Hattie Jacques will become St. Laurent's Top Model. A professor of the University of London will write a book pointing out that sugar and starch are the natural foods of man, and that those who don't live on fondants, meringues, chocolate-drops and gin will not only look ugly but will get coronary thrombosis as well, and serve them right.

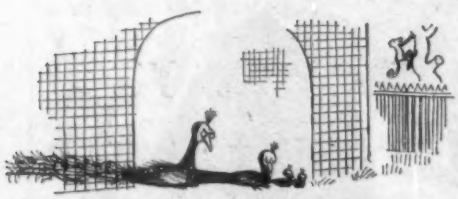
Hair? This will be the era of the razor, and the enchanting Roman Look will be popularized by the stylist Davide. For this the hair is shaved away on both sides of the head, leaving a piece sticking up like the crest on the helmet of a Roman centurion. So sweet. Other chic effects will be the Dominican Look, the Grock Look, and the Piltdown Look.

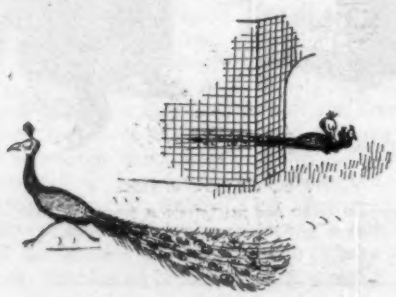
Fashionable illnesses must not be neglected by those of us who are socially aware, and you might as well make a note now that these will include mescalin addiction (for those terrified by the population prognoses of the Huxley *frères*), Slithering Disc (a more insidious and deadly form of Slipped), and Fluoriditis (the fascinating disease scientists can start but not stop). Doctors will discover that the alarmingly high incidence of beri-beri at St. John's Wood in the last ten years is due to smoking filter-tipped cigarettes.

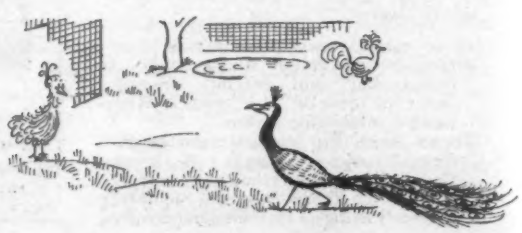
What's that, Mrs. Bogart? What will be the O.K. régime of interior decoration by then? The Chelsea/Knightsbridge Set (by then the Putney/ Fulham Set) will have hit upon the amusing notion of modelling interiors as closely as possible upon those of genuine suburban housewives. Plaster bird-plaques, copper ornaments, little china girls holding up their skirts, and suites of furniture covered in icy Rexine will litter their drawing-rooms in charming profusion. Lounge, toilet and serviette will be words forever on their lips. Lady June Moon-Rumpus-Stewart tells me that she has already picked up a poker-work text saying "Home—the place where you grumble the most and are treated the best," and at Wembley Park there have been some remarkable finds in the way of mass-produced plaster heads of Winston Churchill, "The British Bulldog," dated about 1945.

Indoor gardening will dwindle into an occupation for dodos, but on the other hand keeping stick insects will be a subject to while away the ennui of a thousand tea-parties. Hamsters will also enjoy a quiet success, probably on account of the Hamster Art Exhibition which will take place at the Festival Hall in the autumn of 1961. Other up-and-coming games for the élite are "Grandmother's Steps," "What's the time, Mr. Wolf?" and "Poor Jenny Lies a-Weeping."

But of course the mood for 1962 will be set by the musical "Warts 'n' All" which will transfer from Broadway in the spring of that year. (Yes, Cecil dear, you shall do the sets.) This is based on the life and times of Oliver Cromwell (Miss C. V. Wedgwood is listed in the programme as "academic adviser"), and







if you can smuggle in the L.P. from the States you should listen particularly for the duet "Cholly and Nolly," which already tops the American Hit Parade. A wave of seventeenth-century clothes and manners will sweep the country, and it is thought that earnestness, plain-living, sermons and charity will achieve a *succès fou*. *Vogue* will expect that all its readers will abandon mascara and lipstick, and will advocate wearing plain white blouses with high collars and (for the short-sighted) pince-nez. The Lord's Day Observance Society will become the most exclusive club in the country (join *now*, before they put up the subscription), and *Areopagitica* will become the Book of the Month. Alcohol will not be drunk by the fashionable, who will allow themselves only some brandy snaps and possibly a little parsnip wine. Ascot will be naughty and Sunday polo will definitely be tabu. *Harper's Bazaar* will advise women readers to cultivate a submissive look, and in the Hickey echelon it will be usual to call one's husband by his surname, generally prefixing it with a "Mr." Dancing will be out, but on the other hand good works will be in, and Old Age Pensioners, widows, orphans, and others at the sharp end of charity had better watch out for themselves. Pleasure in all forms will be justifiably unpopular, and in any case ninety per cent of plays, films and books will have been censored as obscene. Prison will be full of publishers and booksellers.

Coffins (open) will be kept in bedrooms as a reminder of man's brief span, and Jacques Cardiac, the Parisian designer, tells me that he is already working on sketches for some extremely dainty shrouds in mango-coloured crease-shedding taffeta, trimmed with chutney buttons. The effect is extraordinarily spiritual.

— MONICA FURLONG

At the Hairdressers

GOOD afternoon, madam. Yes, I know your appointment was for quarter to, but I had to take one of Mam'selle Phyllis's clients at half-past, so I'm a bit behind. It's been one of those days, I can tell you. I had a mauve rinse that didn't take—what can you expect on mouse, anyway?

You still having the bouffant? Well, I don't know, it's looking a bit tired, isn't it? Who cut you while I was away? Oh, M'sieur Hugh. Of course the trouble with him is he thinks everyone is still eighteen years old. Well, let's get you washed. Betty, wash madam, will you—the champagne, oh and a little beer afterwards. Try to get a little bounce into it . . .

Hallo again, madam. Sorry to keep you waiting, but I had a comb-out to do. Yes, there *is* a bit of a draught—Betty, why didn't you close that window and give madam a dry towel to put round her head? Now, let's see . . . You thought of having it something like mine? Well frankly, I don't think it's got enough spring, and then of course your features have to be pretty regular. I think *you'd* look better with the ears covered, and then the hair brought forward over the face here, and here, you see, to hide the uneven hairline . . . By the way, have you seen M'sieur David's wigs? Yes, but *worth* it, especially with difficult hair . . .

Not *dry*, madam? D'you know you've been under there an hour already? It's not as though you've got *thick* hair. Well, only one thing for it—you'll have to go under again. Ought to get back to get the dinner? Well, it's not as though you were going out somewhere. Now, I *am*—wanted to get away by half-past. What a day! No, I'm afraid the woman who makes the tea has gone. An aspirin? Why, you haven't got a headache, have you, madam?

— CHES GUDENIAN

☆ ☆

AT LAST! For the next six weeks our readers will be able to follow the fascinating plot of

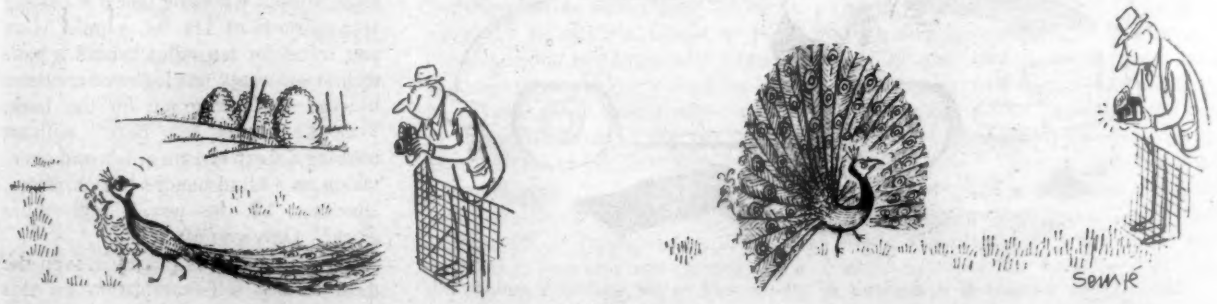
Our Great New Romantic Serial

The Story So Far

Instalment 1: Help!

Jasmyne Phrayle, orphaned blonde who can give an impetuous twist to her level brows, learns her aunt has died. Impulsively leaving her two years' course in flower arrangement and cookery garnishes she goes to look after her dour Uncle Jem in the Lakes wearing a face-flattering pure cashmere jersey three-quarter coat. Sally still being in Tobago while Mr. Harris designs another post office, Jasmyne wins a horse-jumping prize and the friendship of the madcap Hillcombes. The heir Mark is devil-may-care but she finds a new side when she bumps into him on the towpath while fleeing from the intimate river picnic staged by Uncle Jem's hard-headed business partner Mat, who as she confides over a pot of tea knows the secret of her coming-of-age inheritance. Next day while showing a surly chicksexer the road to Hillcombe Hall she becomes lost and follows the dog into a cave whence issue cries for help.

Next Week: Escape



Motor If You Must

I Must You?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

With the spring a million new motorists will blossom. This series is designed to nip some of them in the bud.

I WANT to make it clear that I am not in the pay of T.M.C.A.S.*, British Railways, the Victoria Coaching Station or any other repressive body, real or imaginary, that advocates an official absorption point for the nation's roads to be declared as of about July last year. I would only say to you, the new intending motorist, giddy with unsecured bank loans and h.p. on H.P., Pause and Reflect. I would do the same for a man I found about to leap from Blackfriars Bridge.

A glance at the electric wiring diagram alone must convince you, I think, that personal motoring is not to be lightly undertaken. You can ride for years in other people's cars aware of nothing more mechanically sinister than the conventional revolution of the wheels; your host, his character fired in the furnace of ownership, maintains an outward calm, keeping to himself the knowledge that under his feet and yours are cables in black, green, blue, brown, purple, red, slate, white and yellow, each waiting its chance to explode a junction box or ignite a snap connector, thus transforming the car from a soft-gliding magical device into a useless, immobile hunk of assorted metals weighing a ton and a quarter. Similarly, it seems perfectly natural to you, a mere acquaintance offered a lift to the station, that he should press the starter button and go, chatting easily of vegetable prices, moon travel and other topics of the day. It never occurs to you that he is really in a suppressed cold sweat in case he should press the starter button and not go, owing to, for example:

Stuck starter-pinion
H.T. leads loose
Defective contact-breaker
Blocked pump-filter
Weakened brush-spring
Water in distributor
Fault in L.T. circuit
Airlock in feed pipe
Plugs oiled up
Battery run down
Dirt in float-needle seating

or a dozen other common faults. To you, the complacent non-owner, he is simply a man in the godlike position of being able to go where he wants when he wants to, and that's all there is to it. You know and care nothing of his apprehensions about bursts and blow-outs, splintering windscreens, blades unexpectedly leaving the radiator fan and passing through the cylinder-head. You just sit there. Should the car unexpectedly fall silent and glide into the kerb, your only thought is that if the fool hadn't offered you a lift you wouldn't have missed your train, and you continue to sit, with a resigned expression, while he covers his shirt-cuffs with grease, oiling the carburettor dash-pot, apologizing for the delay, and not even mentioning that he has just paid a repair bill for £18 16*s.* to have this particular trouble put right.

You must agree, I feel sure, that all this speaks of great character in the motorist. Ask yourself, then, if your own character is up to it. Can you drive a car without reflecting that it is costing you upwards of 11*s.* 9*d.* a mile? Can you travel for ten miles behind a pantechnicon twenty feet high and continue to read the inscription on the back, "GOOLE'S GRAVEL AND GRIT," without uttering a sharp scream at last and overtaking on a blind bend? It's character, character, all the way. Will yours crack? Only you can tell.

My expectation is that after even the most serious self-examination on this

*Too Many Cars Already Society

"Mrs. Wilson wonders if it mightn't be an air leak in the induction manifold."

point you will find in your favour. So be it. I have done what I can. You have nevertheless resolved to become a motorist. This means that the next traffic jam I find myself in will have eighty-six vehicles ahead instead of eighty-five, all hooting but me. Well. There it is.

Let us pass to another point. Why do you want a motor-car? It is a disturbing fact that thousands rush into the new life of anxiety and strain without asking this highly commonsense question at all. Recent surveys in which intending motorists were pressed to answer it yielded the following results:

	per cent
(i) To see Britain	58
(ii) To escape the hardships of public transport	12
(iii) To please the wife	1
(iv) To please the wife's mother	½
(v) To get it off the income tax	13
(vi) To make them wild next door	4
(vii) To ease courting	3
(viii) Miscellaneous	5½
(ix) Don't know	3

There was a category (x) but answers were merely abusive, and the survey spread them over the other ix, with a rider saying that if these persons could be kept off the road altogether it would do much for the various courtesy campaigns by motoring organizations.

What emerges at once from these figures is the pathetically misguided state of mind represented by category (i), the largest by far. Even allowing for a desire to say the right thing, which may have influenced certain of those polled to claim ambitions in this category without strict regard for truth, it is still obvious that many thousands of non-motorists are living in a cloud-cuckoo-land of the nineteen-twenties. Their ambitions to travel by private conveyance to see the ancient settlements and lynchets at Greenshawhill and Hartside, to bask among the battlements of Brimpsfield Castle or probe the megalithic monuments of Chewton Mendip were obviously fired by overheard talk from envied owner-drivers of their childhood. "We ran out this afternoon to see the Earthwork in Barley Pound Copse . . . next Saturday we mean to take a look at the statue of William III in Petersfield . . ." It all sounded so romantic and enticing, even at its less historic level of "a lovely run down to Hove and watched them on the boating lake." I feel very sorry, personally, for that deluded 58 per cent in category (i). They are going to find things very different in 1959 when they start to see Britain at long last. As average main-road traffic speeds on fine week-ends are now estimated by statisticians at 12 m.p.h., Londoners planning a trip to Uley, Glos., for a jolly sightseeing picnic at Hetty Pegler's Tump must allow themselves a couple of days for it; even then they run the risk that Sir Mortimer Wheeler has recently mentioned it in passing to seven or eight million other people, who will all be there, obscuring the view and playing their portable radios.

A still worse shock is in store for those who imagine that somewhere around the coasts of this island are secluded beaches and calm, blue inlets whose delights have been denied them hitherto because the train stops three miles away How they have longed, as they poured out of the station at Skegness and surged in a seaward mass to sit cheek by jowl on the golden sands, for the day when they would have wheels and wills of their own. Now at last they can wander by guess and by God along the leafy, uncharted byways . . . until they round a final hump in the dunes and come to the "No Vehicles Past this

"All right! Where's the funeral?"

Point" notices and the "Residents Only" boards and the signs saying "Private Beach" and "Keep Out" and "No Parking" and "Who do you think you are?" Sometimes, of course, they will be luckier: I don't want to paint an unfair picture: sometimes they will come upon an old, old man at a five-barred gate who, on receipt of ten shillings, will throw it wide and allow them to bump over the brow of a fair green hill into the sudden heart of a thousand-strong caravan site, where girls are washing their hair in buckets and young men punt a flabby football among the ice-cream stalls and shrilling toddlers.

You should ask yourself, I feel, whether the sharpness of this kind of disappointment is going to make you sorry that you bought the car, and anxious to sell it again. If it is, remember the moral of those old classroom sums about cost price and selling price; return your treasure to the dealer a mere three days after you drove it away and you will find the disparity between the two quite alarming. And, since money has crept in at this point, it is only right to warn category (v) men, perhaps, that any notion of being better off on private wheels than on public is purely delusory. As far as taxation goes it is the accountants who have created the myth that continual investment in large, expensive motor-cars (as in tape-recorders, ciné-cameras, ocean-going launches and so on) is a rewarding form of Inland Revenue propitiation. They tend to overlook the need to buy these articles in the first place, before local Inspectors will consider making their tiny, disproportionate assessment concessions; and with the motor-car particularly it may be accepted as a good working fact that even supposing the most charitable inspector on the Commissioners' strength, you will still be £400 a year down the drain.

To category (ii) men, the fugitives from public transport, a brief word only. When your Croydon-Victoria train bashes into the buffers, does anyone scream at you from the seat behind and say they won't come out with you again until you've had your eyes tested? No. Nor do you have to choose between losing your no-claim bonus and paying for the buffers. As to the omnibus, its merits are too numerous to list here. I might just mention that the three empty seats next to yours are not inevitably filled up by your wife, brother-in-law and friend, and that you can enter the vehicle, even in haste, without knocking your hat off.

Let me end as I began, with a profession of the purest disinterest. Motor if you must. I am not one of those who feel that no one has a right to be on the road but me—though you will find, if you take the plunge after all, that I am practically unique in this. I have merely tried to present the facts. The decision is up to you. Before reaching it, only remember that:

You must be prepared to traffic in such words as Magikoyl, Essolube, Upperlube, Energrease, Petroyle and Ambroleum,

If the neighbours are impressed they'll never show it.

Front wheels should toe-in $\frac{3}{32}$in.

Battery condition must be checked by taking hydrometer readings of the specific gravity of the electrolyte, which can mean a whole week-end gone.

Shopping by car takes twice as long.

You may not be able to say "Rear squab seat catch clip" even if sober.

Next week: **2—How to Get It**

Essence of Parliament

EX Africa semper aliquid novi. It has indeed been Africa Week at Westminster and it looks as if Africa alone is capable of stirring Members of Parliament into violent antagonism to one another. Whether the public is as deeply moved it will be interesting to discover.

Those that live with Stonehouses should not throw glass, and there has been a good deal of brittle argument strewn about in the process. Each day's debate turned on a highly technical point, the nature of which a good proportion of Members clearly failed to grasp. For instance, on Monday the only issue was not, as Mr. Maydon seemed to think, whether in general it was desirable that guests should criticize the conduct of their hosts, nor, as Mr. Bevan seemed to think, whether Mr. Stonehouse had been properly treated. Mr. Patrick Wall from the Conservative benches was much more nearly on the ball when he argued in effect that Mr. Stonehouse might well be a great fool but that that in itself had nothing to do with his rights. The issue for Monday's moment was solely whether, the constitution being as it was, British Ministers had any responsibility for deportations within the Federation. If they had not, then, even supposing an injustice to have been committed, it was an injustice that could only be put right by legislation and therefore not capable of being raised on the adjournment. This was the Speaker's clear point and he stuck to it. In his weariness at trying to make it clear to the House he must sometimes have sighed with relief at the thought that he was in sight of release from his labours. When Mr. Butler promised that though there could not be a debate on Monday he was willing that there should be one on Wednesday, that point seemed to be disposed of and the House passed on.

Mr. Julian Amery

But by Tuesday the problem had been complicated by two further allegations: the allegation that the Northern Rhodesian Government, for which the British Government is responsible, had co-operated in Mr. Stonehouse's deportation—so said Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas, and the allegation that Mr. Stonehouse had been arrested—so said Mr. Wedgwood Benn. The Speaker was not clear that the Northern Rhodesian Government had co-operated and not clear that Mr. Stonehouse had been arrested, and after a lot of argument about whether he had been prevented from catching his plane back to Westminster, Mr. Butler, with a naughty smile, intervened to inform the House that the plane which he might have caught did not in fact fly. Things were not clear and were made little clearer after Mrs. Barbara Castle had had a telephone talk with Mr. Stonehouse in Dar-es-Salaam and reported it all to the House. The Speaker thought it best to leave it all until Mr. Stonehouse had returned and could give his own version.

Mr. John Stonehouse

Meanwhile, Mr. Callaghan was raising another issue and sought to move the adjournment of the House to call attention to the proclamation of a state of emergency in Nyasaland. This the Speaker was ready to allow, and the House had its debate on that at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening. It was a tough, hard-hitting debate, and neither Mr. Callaghan nor Mr. Lennox-Boyd pulled his punches.

Yet the Socialists let Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Mr. Julian Amery get away with it surprisingly easily. Very different was Mr. Alport's fate on Wednesday. They bayed at him like animals. It is true that he too hit hard, but the Socialist annoyance arose to some extent out of a misunderstanding. Mr. Callaghan, in a speech much more moderately phrased than that of Tuesday, had made what the Socialists considered a very generous offer to call off their vote of censure in return for a Parliamentary delegation. Mr. Alport, speaking next for the Government, did not refer to Mr. Callaghan's offer. It sounded discourteous and it annoyed the Socialists. But the fact was that Mr. Callaghan had made the offer on behalf of the Socialist Party without any prior notice to the Government and Mr. Alport, a junior Minister, speaking immediately next, did not feel that he had any authority to comment on it without instructions. He might perhaps have assuaged some of the wrath if he had at least explained this, but assuaging wrath is not one of Mr. Alport's things, whereas the Socialists clearly felt that it is the ABC of opposition to reserve your shouts for Ministers who are likely to be put off their strokes by them.

In between all this Africa the Prime Minister had made two interventions. The first was on his return from Moscow on Wednesday, when all the Conservatives rose to him, led by Sir Winston himself waving his order paper. The ovation interrupted questions about I.T.V.'s treatment of advertisements, and a Socialist got in a rather good crack to ask whether this was a commercial or a natural break. On Thursday the Prime Minister got in a good crack himself. Asked the difference between the finances of the Atomic Energy Authority and nationalized industries, he said "It never can pay. The others don't pay."

— PERCY SOMERSET

criticism

BOOKING OFFICE

No Pomegranates for Demeter

Persephone. D. Streatfield. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 30/-

IN this strange case Persephone turns out to be none other than Miss Blandish, the girl who was abducted by gangsters—snatched into the netherworld—and liked it. This is the mythological interpretation which Major Streatfield, art-historian, amateur of Jungian psychology, and Old Etonian, insists upon developing in his long, elaborate and obviously seriously intended analysis of Mr. James Hadley Chase's thriller. Not since a recent magazine article, which set out to prove that Graham Greene's *The Third Man* was a lightly disguised tree-myth, have we been treated to so eccentric a study of a work of popular fiction.

The inspiration for his book, Major Streatfield tells us, came when he discovered that a novel of his own, which he had abandoned unfinished, bore strikingly close affinities to *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. These affinities, he was convinced, were too close to be accidental. He accepted them as evidence that both works derived from the other world beyond the barrier, which is equivalent to Jung's collective unconscious. He is, of course, aware of the striking resemblance between *No Orchids* and William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, which was published some years earlier. Indeed he compares in generous detail both their plots and their characters, contrasting the fates of the respective heroines, Faulkner's Temple Drake and Chase's Miss Blandish, and the possible mythological roles of the respective madames, the dignified Miss Reba and the witch-like Ma Grisson. But having done this he dismisses *Sanctuary* because its sombre realism does not suit his fantastic mythographical purpose. (This arbitrary dismissal is typical of the Major's weirdly disassociated approach.) He maintains that Mr. Hadley Chase's abandonment of realism, once he has got his plot set, is due to his innate penchant for the Other Side, his rapport with the collective unconscious, his link with the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Once Major Streatfield has embarked on his main mythological thesis there is no holding him; you can only cling on to his coat-tails and be dragged through bush and briar from Slim and Rocco to Ormuzd and Ahriman, from the hash-house waitress to the Queen of Heaven. Here is one of his most cherished conclusions:

> "The basic theme of *No Orchids* is the attempt to achieve the reconciliation of the irreconcilables by means of the age-old device of the Dynastic Union. For this purpose, the Anima who, as the soul, is of divine origin (Persephone is represented by most mythographers as the daughter of Zeus) is compelled to descend into the underworld in order to unite with, and if necessary to redeem, its ruler or heir. In the face of all opposition the union takes place but only at the cost of unleashing a titanic conflict in which most of the contestants, and the lovers themselves, are annihilated. In this respect the story resembles that of the rape of Helen and the Trojan War."

One of Major Streatfield's special contributions to the new mythography is his faculty for interpreting any modern everyday device as a symbol of deepest archaic significance. This leads him to some striking discoveries:

> "The symbolical significance of telephoning is that it is a communication with somebody who is somewhere else: present but not here . . . Another significant symbolical feature is the appearance in the early morning of people who have been driving all night."

He is particularly fertile on the subject of the blonde. She may be no more than a "hollow simulacrum, compounded of the outward distinguishing marks of feminine sexuality and activated solely by masculine lust. She is thus often seen as an automaton or doll." But she is also an "incomplete version of the Archetype of the Anima." In the bath she inevitably conjures up visions of Aphrodite rising from the foam; but this foam, however synthetically detergent it may be now, was originally that which collected round the severed member of Uranus—a fact which advertisers might do well to remember.

About two-thirds of the way through the book—a large crown volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages—the Major switches rather abruptly to another author, Thurber. He dwells at length on the fantasy life of Walter Mitty, finding a close parallel between it and the career of Adolf Hitler. Throughout, he draws on a wide range of reading; thus on instinct and mating patterns he quotes copiously from Lorenz and Tinbergen, moving obliquely, like a chessboard knight, from ducks to blondes. His book is so strange and so wild that it is difficult to treat it as anything except an esoteric joke; but he is certainly not short of ideas. Subjects for future studies which he promises us include Rider Haggard and T. E. Lawrence. It is easy to think of others that might be suitable: Billy Bunter (Son of Ceres); Berry and Co. (Mars and Venus); Little Noddy (The Nursery Nibelung); and many, many more.

— MAURICE RICHARDSON

POETS' CORNER

1. JOHN MASEFIELD

BLOOD COUNT

Strike for a Kingdom. Menna Gallie. *Gollancz*, 12/6. Murder in Milk Wood, though the milk has been mercifully a little watered. Unpopular mine manager found dead in very Welsh village during the great 1926 strike. Murder and detection perfectly adequate, but unexciting; whereas the dialogue and character-carving are funny and endlessly quotable, if desperately Welsh. Very much the sort of detective story that people who don't like detective stories like.

The Widow's Cruise. Nicholas Blake. *Collins*, 12/6. Classical (in most senses) whodunit, but not classic. Rich sexy widow and neurotic schoolmarm sister join Hellenic cruise. Soon almost every Briton on the boat has a tolerable motive for murdering sister, and sure enough she disappears, having first apparently strangled the least credible child in English literature. Dénouement ingenious but, to the student of whodunit-patterns rather than life-patterns, predictable. Cleanly written.

Strip Death Naked. Norman Longmate. *Cassell*, 12/6. Film star (male but likeable) poisoned in nudist hotel, after several attempted murders of other inmates, including policeman detailed to turn nudist and investigate in the absolute incognito previous fishy business. Police work not very hot, but healthy fanaticism of nudists credibly well-done.

The Shadow of Murder. Charity Blackstock. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 15/-. Rum doings in Glencoe. Half the winter inhabitants of a hotel go nearly nuts in the cold shadow of that old massacre and a newer, smaller one. Good thick atmosphere but not much else, except for a jolly new motive.

Against the Public Interest. Robert Gaines. *Macdonald*, 12/6. Thriller. Plans of high-speed, very-short-runway bomber snitched by crypto-communist. Politicians anxious to hush scandal up, especially where American knowledge of what has happened is concerned. Not especially thrilling but most absorbing, the feeling of politicians leaning on the shoulders of the special branch being particularly good. Curious Ouida-cum-Osborne love interest.

Cry Wolfram. Douglas Sanderson. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6. Every possible Spanish tourist attraction—bull-fight, torchlit religious procession, gipsy wedding, etc.—crammed into complex plot based on jostling among financial crooks for big wolfram concession. Hero escapes from something about every twenty pages, but quite enjoyably.

— PETER DICKINSON

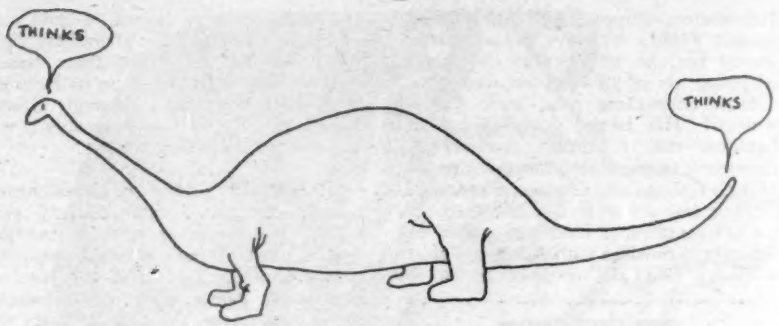
Other New Books

The Captive and the Free. Joyce Cary. *Michael Joseph*, 18/-

Cary's ultimate status among novelists of the century, whatever it may be, is not likely to be much affected by this, his last book. The theme is the classic one of contest between moral opposites—the instinctive inspiration of a faith-healer and the orthodox creed of a muscular clergyman. Preedy, the faith-healer, is the centre of the book. We are told more than once about "the extraordinary power of the man," and shown some of his miracles. But as a character he fails to materialize. And a miracle, after all, is either a fact, or it simply isn't acceptable as fiction.

In a busy and congested narrative, with a horde of minor characters who rarely amount to more than names and gestures, there are touches of Cary's old vigour and cocksureness. But up-to-date references—I.T.A., Dior models—sit oddly in a story which is much earlier in tone. This work was left unrevised, though essentially complete, and its chief attraction may well be the study of a writer's methods, his foibles—and fumbles—which an unfinished script always reveals.

— D. P.



The Flame Trees of Thika. Elspeth Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 16/-

This lovely book, in its beautiful jacket of flame-tree blossoms by Rosemary Seligman, gave me as much pleasure as anything I have read for years. It purports to be an account of Mrs. Huxley's childhood on a Kikuyu-land coffee-farm in the pioneering years before the first world war, but it is much more than that. She has grafted adult understanding on to her childish recollections; her accounts of her father and mother, the neighbouring settlers, the African servants, the indigenous Kikuyu, the wild life both friendly and inimical, are perceptive and sympathetic, and her graceful, witty writing, though she has chosen to give it the texture of fiction, has the bright ring of truth. The sight, sound and smell of Kenya are evoked with loving precision; those who have lived there will acclaim every detail with delight, and those who have not will wish they had.

— B. A. Y.

A Door Ajar. Peter de Polnay. *Robert Hale*, 15/-

This second volume of autobiography—a worthy successor to *Fools of Choice*—portrays the author aged twenty-four, freed from dire poverty and gambling away, after an initial run of luck, a substantial legacy at the Casino in Cannes. It is all a far cry from *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo*; here the gaming addicts are motivated by vanity and the sense of power engendered by winning: the overpowering tedium accompanying the diurnal urge is subtly conveyed in the portrait of Paula, the "Casino girl," though the sections describing with a novelist's licence her thoughts and actions—also those of the lustful middle-aged doctor—are perhaps a technical mistake in an otherwise factual record. The visit to a *maison de rendezvous* run by a royalist madam with pseudo ladies of title on call has, on the other hand, the surprise and punch of a Maupassant story; and memory serves the author well in depicting his fellow hotel guests, the horrible attendant scrounger Willy and the adored but egregiously righteous Purity (though the film-actress whom Mrs. Wentworth resembled was Francesca Bertini, not Bellini). We await eagerly his subsequent experiences in Kenya, where he lived on stale bush-tuck for nearly four years.

— J. M-R.

AT THE PLAY

Creditors—The Cheats of Scapin
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)
Clown Jewels (VICTORIA PALACE)

IN their second programme the 1959 Theatre Company offers a curious double bill, of Strindberg's *Creditors*, a scorching piece of misogyny, and Otway's adaptation of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Strindberg wins, hands down.

Creditors is a tensely bitter play, about a woman who coldly draws energy from men for the sake of her vanity. Tekla is a terrifying creation, a beautiful vampire who masks her real nature behind the endearments of a kitten. After many years her first husband returns, his confidence restored, to open her second husband's eyes to his subjection, and having flattered Tekla into lowering her defences, to take his merciless revenge for all his past humiliation. She had proclaimed him an idiot. He proves he is far from that, as he traces, apparently with clairvoyance, each step in Adolf's

degradation, whipping him into rebellion against Tekla's tyranny; and as, having wooed her, he switches to the attack, stripping her of all her pretences.

How Strindberg must have loathed women! His hatred for Tekla is so fanatical that it almost removes his characters from reality; but the intensity of their feelings and all the circumstances of their case are so clearly imagined that we are caught and held. Not until the stranger is finished with Adolf and starts work on Tekla do we discover that he was her first husband. The mechanism of the play is beautifully neat.

Caspar Wrede has produced it tellingly, with a very sound trio. Mai Zetterling is a satisfying Tekla, the egocentric wanton hiding her claws in childish femininity. Michael Gough varies and sustains his long role as prosecutor, and as Adolf, the crippled artist whose confidence has been sucked nearly dry, Lyndon Brook gives a good study of intense nervous suffering.

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *The Elder Statesman*, unspecified run.
Dundee Rep, *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, until March 21st.
Civic, Chesterfield, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, until March 14th.
Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *Charley's Aunt*, until March 14th.

The Otway was booed, a little surprisingly, for after the Strindberg light relief was needed. But there was a distinct note of burlesque in its Restoration knockabout, and although Harold Lang's rascally valet was versatile it was knowing in the wrong sense.

The Crazy Gang are back again, casual, corny and intermittently very funny. It is always a surprise to find how bad is most of their material; sketches that are not really above the level of provincial pantomime, and dialogue laced with stories at which the City was yawning months ago. It seems odd, seeing the scale on which they work, that they don't insist on a bigger helping of wit. But I think theirs is a special case. A loose framework leaves them free to develop their lunacy as they go along; in the end the material of these six ripe old comedians matters less than what they do to it. They have a cumulative magic.

In their funniest turn here they come on as six terrible old débutantes who have failed to make the grade, only getting as far as the Victoria Palace. This is their best lyric, and it gives ample play to their facility for representing with awful dignity the raddled elderly female. In wilder vein the Robin Hood saga suits them well, with Knox as the outlaw and Flanagan the wicked sheriff, and Nervo and Eddie Gray as Inland Revenue narks spiking the whole thing from a box in bowler hats. As an example of their looser sketch we have a vestry scene where Flanagan as a sporting vicar uses a knife on the collection box at opening time and keeps a fruit machine for his choir boys, who sing from the form-book. A slapstick rag on "The Small World" balloon is too mechanical and much less effective than a sketch in which the mounted sentries in Whitehall get mixed up with an L.C.C. squad planning a new bathroom for No. 10. But clearly they have got beyond the point where what happens matters; for most of the audience it is enough that they remain their lovable old selves.

Slick dancing, some incandescent singing and a rich spread of gay dresses make up the rest of the show, with the addition of a little Spanish girl called Rosita, whose songs to a guitar are charming. The Tiller Girls continue to delight me, making poetry with their long synchronized legs.

Recommended
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Tartuffe and *Sganarelle* (Old Vic—18/2/59), Miles Malleson Molière. *Two for the Seesaw* (Haymarket—24/12/58), history of a love affair in duologue. *Valmouth* (Saville—8/10/58), for fans of Ronald Firbank. — ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

A Matter of Dignity

IN a week when only two new feature-length films have been press-shown, it's lucky that one of them is impressively good: the Greek *A Matter of Dignity* (Director: Michael Cacoyannis). This would be outstanding in any week. In essentials it is extremely simple. The story is told from the point of view of the young daughter of a distinguished Athenian family which is keeping up appearances although on the edge of bankruptcy. Her mother, frantically seizing on any means of preserving the family's "dignity," presses her to take the chance of a rich marriage; she loves her parents and is anxious to do all she can to help them, but she has no interest in the empty-headed rich young man concerned, and before long she meets another man with whom she does fall in love.

This is the basic situation. It is

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

An exhibition of fifty years of *Punch* cinema cartoons and caricatures is on view at the Muswell Hill Odeon, by arrangement with the Rank Organization.

The "*Punch* in the Theatre" Exhibition is at the Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury, until March 13, and at the New Theatre, Bromley, Kent, and Colchester Repertory Theatre.

[*Clown Jewels*

BUD FLANAGAN NAUGHTON
"MONSEWER" EDDIE GRAY

complicated by the family maid, Katerina, who has a little boy. The child has an accident and Katerina goes to look after him, hoping all the time that some of the money long owing to her will be sent. But they forget her: all they have, all they can scrape up in any way, goes on preserving their "dignity," keeping up the pretence that they are still in comfortable circumstances. At last she comes to demand her money, and her passion as she argues is too much for her weak heart. Climax, remorse, and an attempt by the girl to atone to the child.

It is impossible to give a proper impression of the piece with a brief summary of what happens in it, for it makes its effect with an accumulation of tiny incidents and details, and characters many of whom are seen only for a few moments. To pick these out and describe them at any length in a summary of the *story* would be quite misleading; and yet they all influence the story, they have importance in it, the absence of any one of them would fractionally diminish its effect. At every point there are people who stick in one's mind: the infant who stares solemnly at the girl on her bus-journey, the dealer who comes to the house and makes disconcertingly small offers for the family treasures in the intervals of gently clearing his throat, the smart women card-players in the opening scene, the people fanning themselves with papers as they wait (and the girl's father has sunk his pride so far as to be in the queue with them) to ask some favour of a Cabinet Minister . . . All these and innumerable others, not one of them a key personage in the "plot," but all with an air of reality.

But above all it is the story of the girl herself, Chloe, and Ellie Lambetti gives an exquisitely sensitive performance. As we see her first, she is still lighthearted; only gradually does she come to realize how obsessed her mother is with the determination to hide the true position from outsiders, what lengths she will go to, what she expects Chloe to do. The girl's progression from gaiety, through puzzlement, to anxious responsibility, as she comes to feel that she is the one person who can save the family, is beautifully shown. The other most important acting performance is Eleni Zafiriou's as Katerina, and this too is impressively fine in an ampler, less subtle way.

Script by the director; and two characteristic points of his style are very noticeable—the brilliant use of natural sound (and, often, remarkably long moments of dead silence), and the quick, very sudden cut, which may be incidental (from noise and action to quiet and repose) or structural (the effective omission of unnecessary narrative links). As a whole the film is extraordinarily pleasing and satisfying, deeper and stronger as well as more atmospheric than Mr. Cacoyannis's earlier works *A Girl in Black* (1956) and *Windfall in Athens* (1954).

Chloe—ELLIE LAMBETTI

[*A Matter of Dignity*

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews

A cheerful new one is *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.*—review next week. Otherwise in London the choice is unusually wide. I recommend *Separate Tables* (25/2/59), *Room at the Top* (4/2/59), *The Horse's Mouth* (18/2/59), and *Danger Within* (4/3/59)—all good in their very different ways. *Fortunella* (11/2/59) is a field day for the wonderful woman clown Giulietta Masina. *Gigi* (18/2/59), though too mannered for me, is excellent of its kind and nearly everybody loves it. There is quite a good colour Western, *The Hanging Tree* (4/3/59). And the 1937 classic *La Grande Illusion* is showing with an admirable half-hour account of the *March to Aldermaston* ("Survey," 25/2/59).

Not one of the releases was reviewed here. *The Baited Trap* is quite an effective suspense piece—lawyer *v.* gangster, sweating in the California desert. *The Angry Hills* is about a U.S. war correspondent with the Greek underground against the Nazis. *Too Many Crooks* is simple British fun about crazily incompetent burglars.

— RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET

Le Lac des Cygnes—Checkmate
(COVENT GARDEN)

BERYL GREY's triumphant return last week to Covent Garden, after two years' absence, acquired at final curtain-fall the climate and excitement of a great occasion—flowers heaped opulently on the stage and nosegays and sprays of spring flowers thrown with sure aim from the gods. I lost count of the number of times both before and after the house-lights went up that the ballerina was called to receive the plaudits of an audience which had earlier maintained a judicious reserve.

Le Lac des Cygnes, the chosen vehicle for Miss Grey's reappearance with the Royal Ballet, has come to be recognized as one of the more searching tests of a dancer's claims to the highest renown. Petipa's original choreography has, in the course of more than half a century, been given greater meaning and dramatic cogency so that the exponent of the leading dual role of Odette-Odile needs very much more than the perfect command of classical technique which used to be so greatly admired for its own sake.

Miss Grey has enriched her interpretation of the part during her freelance association with other ballet companies, notably the Bolshoi. She communicates most movingly and convincingly the melancholy and the poetry of the Princess, victim of an evil magician's enchantment. The tremors of the swan and the emotions of the princess are both blended and differentiated in her portrayal. If her Odette seems a shade more sophisticated than some others we have seen lately, particularly, for instance, that of Anya Linden's early-flowering awareness and tender lyricism—it is to be remembered that after all Odette belonged to the great world of aristocratic tradition.

To the part of Odile, the magician's dazzling daughter whom the Prince mistakes for Odette, Miss Grey brings a

hard glitter of evil purpose and carries off the deception with tremendous bravura.

Of her dancing—her speed and grace and eloquent movement—particularly the lovely carriage of her arms—I need say only that all her best accomplishment seems heightened. It has reached the point where further elaboration might become distracting.

As her partner, Caj Selling, a young Swedish dancer, made a very good impression as Siegfried. He gave an excellent account of himself in the *pas de deux* in the third act, but it is as a supporter of Miss Grey, especially in his seemingly effortless lifting, that he modestly distinguishes himself. His interpretation of the Prince is fresh and boyish and is none the worse for departure from the convention of stately dignity of mien and gesture to which we are accustomed in our Siegfrieds.

Miss Grey's performance in *Le Lac des Cygnes* came immediately after Miss Linden's and was followed by Nadia Nerina's. Miss Linden's, as was to be expected in a very young dancer, is tentative. Her delicate beauty of face and form and her well-schooled elegance of movement contribute to a charming interpretation of Odette. Not surprisingly, the flinty brilliance of Odile was outside her range, though she managed to suggest a good deal more than she could express.

Miss Nerina has made rapid headway as an artist. Her fine technique is now an instrument of second nature for the creation of fully realized character.

Two very young dancers who have shown their paces to advantage in several small parts in *Le Lac des Cygnes* are Antoinette Sibley and Graham Usher. We shall, I am sure, see a good deal more of them.

Dame Ninette de Valois's *Checkmate* with music by Sir Arthur Bliss has a leading part, that of the Black Queen, on the chessboard over which Love and Death are the contestants, which might have been expressly devised for Beryl Grey, who has just the physique and flashing dramatic power to give the Black Queen her inevitable dominance. For that reason the ballet is worth doing occasionally, but its lack of poetry or really communicable emotion makes its enjoyment something of an intellectual exercise.

— C. B. MORTLOCK

ON THE AIR

Hokum Afloat

"ALL Aboard" (ABC) is described in *TV Times* as "a serial story of life in an ocean liner," and I have no doubt that the authors and the producer went to a great deal of trouble to ensure authenticity in settings, shipboard procedure, nautical "shop," the details of relationship between passengers and crew, and so on. There have been in fact (particularly in the earlier instalments) several stark chunks of practically undiluted authenticity—solemn little passages intended to make the uninitiated viewer murmur "So *that's* what a stewardess does," or "He must be the purser." But despite the taking of all these pains, it remains quite obvious that what we are being shown does not approximate any more closely to life in an ocean liner than "Emergency—Ward 10" approximates to life in a hospital—probably rather less. What we have here is not life but melodramatic fantasy in an ocean liner; and since it seems to have been established that melodramatic fantasy is what the public hungers for, an ocean liner is presumably just as suitable a locale for it as Broderick Crawford's well-worn stretch of dusty highway. Accepted at this level, "All Aboard" is successful. Thieves, stowaways, dope-smugglers, ship's officers and Mysterious Persons play out a confused and dreamy drama in the thrillingly confined space of the s.s. *Adriana*, with a cliff-hanger every Saturday and very acceptable performances by Arthur Lowe, Avril Angers and Susan Shaw.

Joan Harrison—AVRIL ANGERS

Janet Fraser—SUSAN SHAW

[*All Aboard*

Programmes of investigation, probing, survey, and examination seem to be increasing. They form television's answer to newspaper feature-articles and the "think-pieces" in the weeklies and monthlies. "What is wrong with coal?" they ask, and "Are Liberals human?" and "Whither Womanhood?" The latest arrival (at least at the time of writing) is "Searchlight" (A-R), which struck a lusty blow for freedom in its first inquiry, on the subject of betting. This was a brisk and penetrating statement of the facts, enlivened by candid photography and not noticeably slowed up by its interviews with experts. The programme was certainly biased, and on this score has been criticized. I will not add my carping voice. It goes without saying that television could be a powerful weapon in unscrupulous hands (or even in scrupulous ones), with so many sheep looking in, agog for a word of command: but I find it refreshing to watch an inquiry on the little screen which seems to take a stand—however arguable—instead of bumbling glumly into a cosy "summing-up," with phrases like "on the one hand" and "from another point of view" leading to the familiar brick wall of "Time perhaps will tell." Let's be fair, and let's be careful—but for heaven's sake let's have a *tiny* shout of rage now and then.

The BBC's Welsh Television Studio, having touched bottom with the dreary doings of Davy Jones, then proceeded to enliven St. David's Day with a splendid play called *A Father and His Son*, written in Welsh by John Gwilym Jones and translated by the producer, Emyr Humphreys. This was one of the most encouraging pieces of television drama for many a long month. The theme was not new, perhaps, but the writing was fresh and compelling, with characters who seemed to belong in the world and not in the dressing-room. They were also played with intelligence and rare feeling, notably by Clifford Evans, Donald Houston, Hugh David, Nesta Harris and Dudy Nimmo.

Another recent bright spot was Gilchrist Calder's production of John Prebble's "Body Found" (BBC), the "dramatized documentary" about a Sunday newspaper's covering of a murder story. Mr. Calder remains one of television's more accomplished artists in this field, and I believe I know one of his secrets. He chooses his casts with the greatest care, from actors and actresses just sufficiently unfamiliar to appear to be "real people." He also makes sure that they can act. (One critic described the cast of "Body Found" as "anonymous." This was inaccurate. The cast-list was shown, all too briefly, at the end of the show—but I agree that several of the artists deserved a billing in *Radio Times*.)

— HENRY TURTON

Sporting Prints

XI LESTER PIGGOTT

Leave It Till Later

By E. V. MILNER

THEY are thinking—again—of doing away with compulsory Latin in the Cambridge Little-go. And a good thing too. Latin is a subject for middle age, not for youth. I myself went to a Scottish university and spent my adolescence arguing about free will. For me at that time Kant's Categorical Imperative was far more fascinating than Cæsar's Ablative Absolute. But in philosophy, as in everything else except glass-ended beer tankards, one sooner or later comes to what William James called "the opaque bottom," and, as Wittgenstein says, "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." At this point, when most people take to cross-word puzzles and crime fiction, I took to Latin, and I have never regretted it. Cross-word puzzles require a pencil and preferably a seat. Latin, neither. Reading detective novels involves the continual effort of turning over the pages. A single paragraph of Cicero, on the other hand, will last from Cockfosters to Kings Cross, and a page from there to Doncaster, or from London Airport to Rome itself. Every sentence in Latin *is* a detective story, with the reader himself a Poirot, combing through the shrubbery of subordinate clauses in search of the main verb.

Whether viewed as occupational therapy or simply as a time-waster Latin has no equal. Mr. Oliver Edwards recently stated that he had met only one man—a Cambridge man, as it happens—who read Latin fluently and for the fun of it, and that was during a long and tedious air journey in the last war. I was not so impressed by this apparent devotion to the classics as Mr. Edwards seemed to be. Nor am I bowled over by stories of Old Etonian officers, wounded and left lying in shell-holes, who produce from their knapsack a volume of Virgil or Horace. (In Mr. Macmillan's case it was Æschylus, but, Latin or Greek, the principle is the same.) They only do it because *The Times* cross-word is not available.

I should not, however, like it to go out from here (as they say on the Brains Trust) that the only pleasure to be derived from Latin is that of mere decipherment. On the contrary: these old Roman writers sometimes have something to say, and whenever a Loeb translation suddenly switches from English to Italian you can be pretty sure they are saying it. There are passages in the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius, for example, that would cause even Eros to raise an eyebrow. And not all the fables of Phædrus find their way into the Third Form Unseen book. Indeed I once knew a crammer who attributed his success to the fact that he absent-mindedly set a rather dull pupil to translate a piece entitled *Mulier Parturiens* instead of *Lupus et Agnus*. Since that day neither he nor the pupil has looked back.

As for Ovid, all that one can say is:

> When he is good, he is very, very good,
> But when he is bad he is Ovid

and it is an open question whether Mr. Macmillan would ever have been asked to read the lessons at Horsted Keynes if he had let it go out that his shell-hole vade-mecum was not Æschylus at all but the *Ars Amatoria*, or an unexpurgated edition of Martial's Epigrams.

All of which goes to show that, as I said before, Latin is a subject unsuited to the young, and I hope that Professor Lyttleton can persuade his Cambridge colleagues to abolish it and make room for something less *risqué*, like nuclear physics.

"Self-service in the shop, madam, please."

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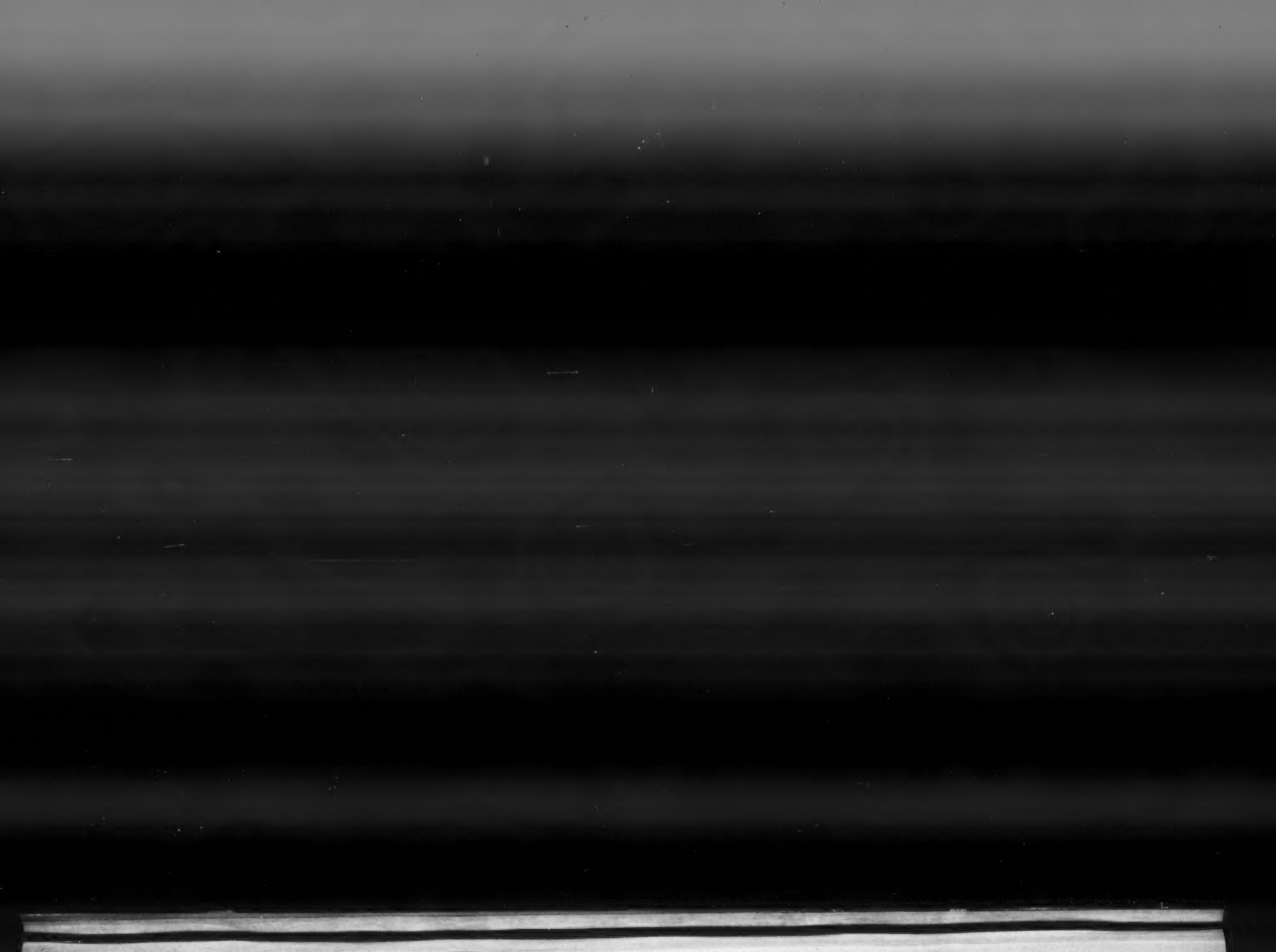
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